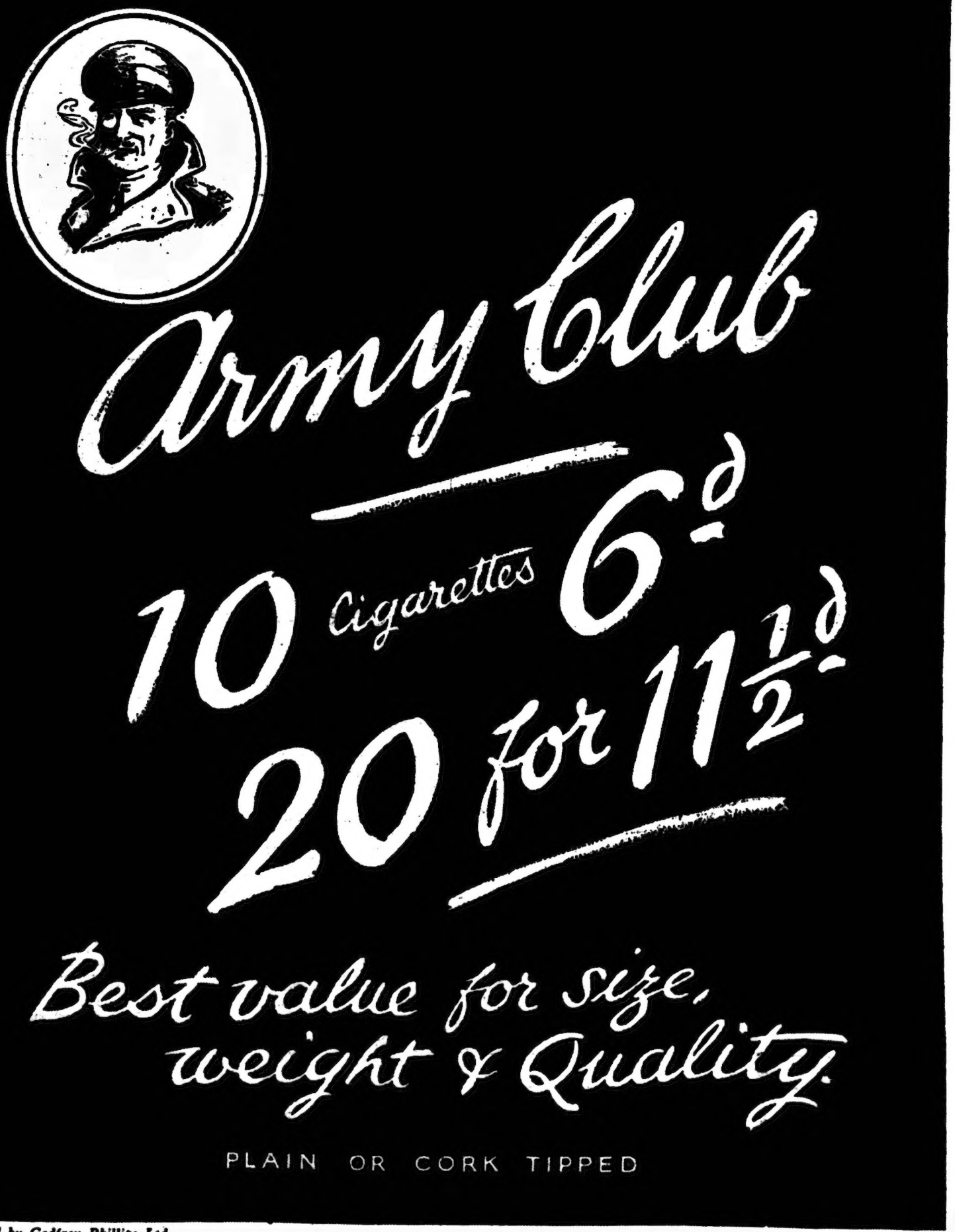
JOHN BULL, MAY 27, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1719

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE



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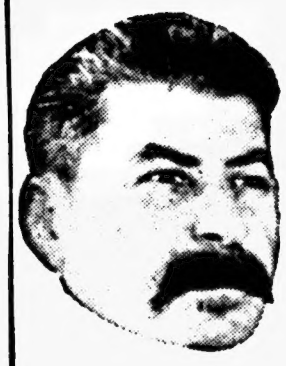
"BLOODLESS WAR..."



To-day, the Chancelleries of Europe hum with activity—hour by hour the situation changes. Move and counter-move are now being made in the greatest game of Power Politics ever played. Upon the skill and ingenuity of master diplomats hang issues that few dare contemplate. Behind the scenes, the fortunes of this bitter, bloodless war surge to and fro—to what end?

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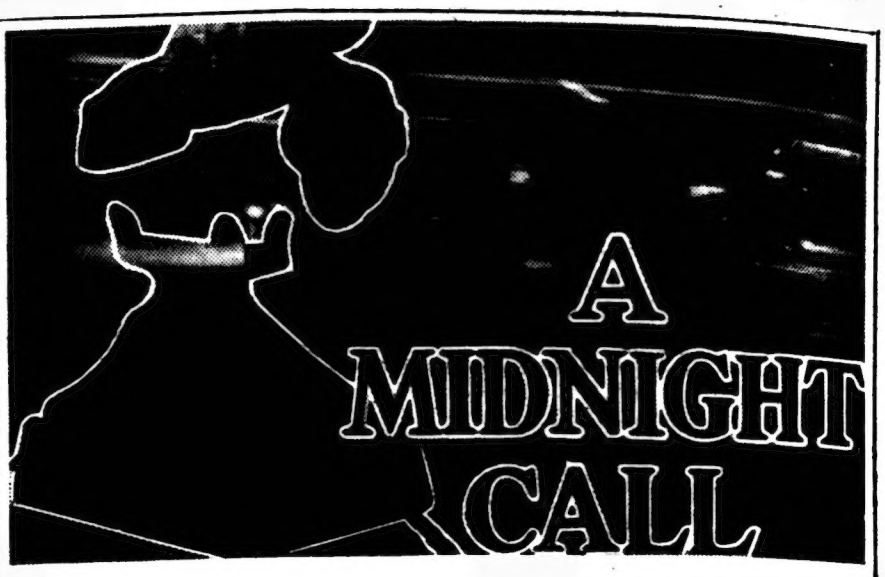
FOR THE INSIDE STORY

watch

NEWS REVIEW

EVERY THURSDAY.



IT was in the early hours of the morning that the local grocer's wife roused her husband. "Quick," she cried. "The house opposite is on fire."

He at once jumped out of bed and ran to the telephone, and in a few seconds had put through a call to the fire station. The fire brigade was quickly on the spot and worked heroically against almost overwhelming odds, while the family, consisting of husband, wife and two children, escaped with their lives.

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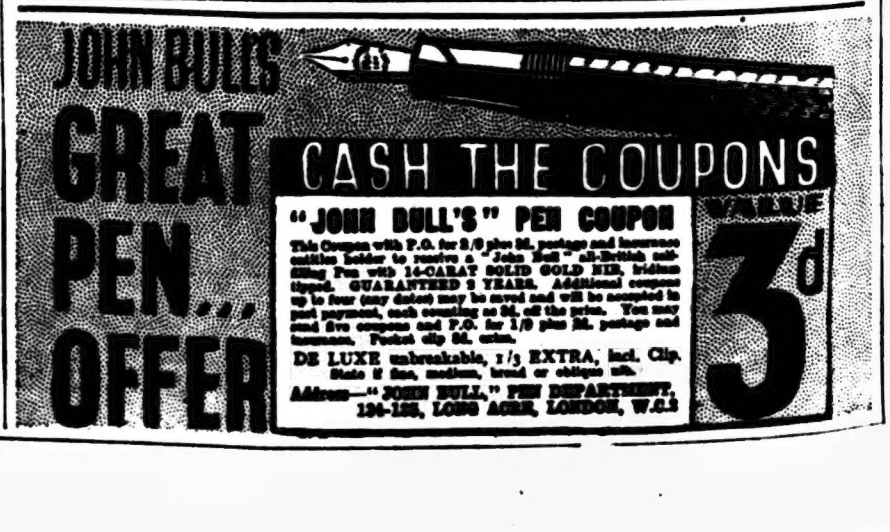
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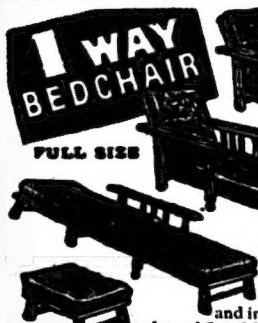

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Cyclists' Tax Coming

A CYCLISTS' tax *is* coming, unfortunately. It did not appear in the Budget because the cost of collecting a 5s. tax on each machine was found to be prohibitive.

Now the Treasury has prepared plans for an indirect duty, which will probably be 2s. 6d., to be paid by manufacturers and passed on to the buyer, on each cycle tyre.

Painless

Points in favour—to the official mind—are that it will need only a few collectors—just as less than a dozen men collect the £6,000,000 petrol tax—and that it's painless extraction.

Moreover, it answers the man who protests against paying a standard tax when he uses a cycle for only half the year. Less tyre wear, less tax.

It will be imposed during the second Budget due in the autumn. But what will the cyclists say?

Labour's Lead

The Labour Party, satisfied that our defences are now strong enough to justify a vigorous attitude towards international crises, has resolved on a bolder peace policy.

On to Peace

So, in future, Labour leaders will speak with an authoritative voice, freed from the restraint which our incomplete defences had imposed.

The Axis Powers, if they are wise, will listen. Then they will agree to discuss international problems without the threat of might.

Britain's greatest interest, as the Prime Minister told Parliament last week, is the maintenance of peace. But that calls for good will on both sides—and the Axis Powers must make their contribution.

Clouded

Von Ribbentrop's star has fallen with another jerk.

His foreign policy was bitterly assailed by General Keitel last week, in an interview with the Fuehrer, when the Anglo-Turkish agreement was completed.

Ribbentrop had been confident that the Dardanelles would remain closed to the democracies in event of war.

Drag on the Chain

There is further reason for gloom in Berlin.

It is now realised that Italy's position would be parlous in event of war. If the junior Axis partner were blockaded,

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

Goering privately admits there is no chance of further "bloodless victories" for his army.

* * *

Hitler is said to be planning three new books: Germany's Struggle; Europe's Struggle; and Redemption through will and obedience.

* * *

ROOSEVELT IS TOLD BY HIS EXPERTS THAT GERMANY IS ON VERGE OF RUINOUS INFLATION UNLESS ARMS AND PUBLIC WORKS ARE HALVED.

* * *

French Sûreté believes that the Hooded Men Fascists recently received arms from German sources to replenish their "arsenals."

* * *

Herr Wohlthat, German official, coming to London for next month's whaling conference, will seek resumption of talks on trade and refugees.

America's Doughboys won't march "Over There" again!

* * *

Mussolini is anxious to play the peacemaker because Italy's industries are starved of raw materials, unemployment is rising, discontent is rife.

* * *

In two weeks, 5,000 arrests have been made in Northern Italy because of an alleged plot on Il Duce's life.

* * *

MORE ABYSSINIAN REVOLTS HAVE BROKEN OUT.

* * *

Bulgaria, formerly reckoned as Axis ally, is now intent on remaining neutral should war break out, our Foreign Office has been informed.

* * *

Secretary-General of League of Nations, Joseph Avenol, won't be there much longer. Becoming too much of a dictator himself.

* * *

Nine thousand Spanish refugees have enlisted in the French Foreign Legion.

* * *

SIR H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, IS SMOOTHING OUT TURKEY'S OLD DIFFERENCES WITH FRANCE. SOLUTION WILL SOON BE ANNOUNCED.

Sir John Reith, when he has reorganised Imperial Airways, will get a peerage and an important governorship.

* * *

Bank of England has asked City firms to stop sending out lists of foreign securities, so as to keep investors' money in Britain.

* * *

The Labour Party is to demand a separate Ministry of Fisheries owing to the industry's plight.

* * *

Our Board of Trade is planning trade barter agreement with Mexico, where Axis influence is harming us.

* * *

Electricity will cost more. Coalowners, needing money to pay for miners' holidays, are going to raise coal prices to electricity companies.

* * *

WASHINGTON HAS RESOLVED NEVER TO SEND AMERICANS ABROAD TO FIGHT SOMEBODY ELSE'S WAR, BUT WOULD HELP US WITH ARMS, MONEY, GOODS.

* * *

Austrians and Czechs who have started business in Wales have been asked by Nazis to state their profits, cash reserves, etc.

* * *

Mr. Kennedy, U.S. Ambassador, has received threatening letters; Scotland Yard is taking special precautions.

* * *

Whitehall is reconsidering secret report, made a few years ago, on untapped oil fields in Southern Tibet.

* * *

AIR MINISTRY HAS REJECTED SCHEME FOR AERIAL MINES, BECAUSE OF THE HAVOC THAT MIGHT BE CAUSED IF THEY BROKE LOOSE OR WERE SHOT DOWN BY ENEMY AIRCRAFT.

* * *

Belgium will offer us cheaper holidays there, take back some of the work she has lost to us, by depreciating the belga.

* * *

Steel trade says the scrap we export is useless for armaments. But most of it goes through Holland, Belgium, to German heavy industries—into armaments, in fact.

Have We the Right to Kill?

YES **DR. ROBERT FORGAN, ex-M.P. and Medical Officer of Health: "If the truth were known, more than one medical man has shortened the suffering of some poor mortal for whom there was no hope of recovery. Such an act is not merely an act of mercy but of common sense."**

* * *

SIR ARBUTHNOT LANE, famous surgeon: "Many who have seen their relatives or friends during weeks or months of agony have expressed regret that the law doesn't permit the medical attendant to provide the sufferer with the means of terminating an existence which has become intolerable."

* * *

DR. R. F. RATTRAY, of the Unitarian Memorial Church, Cambridge: "It is an indefensible anomaly that people are not allowed to keep an animal in pain, and yet that same mercy is denied to suffering human beings."

* * *

LORD PONSONBY: "A man's consciousness of being a burden, his knowledge that he himself was no longer of any use, and the prolonged agony of others might be as poignant as his pain. As matters now stand, the onus placed on doctors is intolerable.

"Might we not unlock the door of compassion and cut the cord that tethers human lives to the lingering agony of helpless and hopeless suffering?"

● Few recent speeches have aroused so much controversy as the admission of Sir James Purves-Stewart, famous doctor, that he had administered euthanasia (Greek for "easy death") to a woman patient.

An old friend, dying in agony, she had pleaded with him for merciful release. And the next day she didn't wake up.

He himself, he added, would claim from a medical friend the right to die if he were in great pain and doomed to a lingering death.

Since then, Sir James has been challenged by Mr. Leslie Pocock, the Roman Catholic barrister, to meet him on a public platform.

They will do so this week. There should be fireworks . . . and some new viewpoints.

Meanwhile, here are the opinions of eight well-known people on the "Right to Kill." Read them—and choose your view.

NO **REV. A. WELLESLEY ORR: "So many people have gone out by their own hand when, if they had waited only a few days longer, there would have been a solution."**

* * *

LORD HORDER, the famous physician: "A doctor's reference is very clear and very generally accepted. It is to cure disease safely and quickly. But if that idea cannot be achieved, then a doctor's duty should be to prolong life so far as might be possible and to relieve pain both bodily and mentally."

* * *

BISHOP OF NORWICH: "However deep is our sympathy with distress, however distressing it is to watch a life painfully reaching its end, when we come to the specific issue of life or death we are really stepping on ground of which we can know nothing. We must confess our ignorance, and ignorance ties our hands."

* * *

DR. FOSTER KENNEDY, one of the world's greatest neurologists: "Distinguished men and women have advocated laws allowing release to the sufferer who cried out that his bitter cup should be taken from him. It is rare, however, to find men whose lifework it is to take care of the sick in the company of those who advocate the legalisation of such procedures. One needs experience in medicine to see the errors that might emerge and the positively evil effects that would secondarily emerge also."

(Continuing "Straight from the Shoulder")

Follow Hitler! Camps Wanted

and coal had to be brought to her from Germany, the coal trains would have to run day and night on both the two railways between Germany and Italy—to the exclusion of all other traffic. Otherwise Italy's industries would dry up.

Hitler's Hobby

Herr Hitler is spending all his spare time in consultations with his "court architect," otherwise young Professor Speer, who prepares for him elaborate plans for rebuilding German cities.

Munich is to receive an entirely new face; the world's biggest opera house is to be built at Graz, and so on—if the money can be found.

Anyhow, this is one respect in which our Government would be wise to imitate the Fuehrer.

Men Wanted

Jew-baiter Number One, the notorious Julius Streicher, has been dropped from the Nazi propaganda machine. The labour shortage in Germany is so serious that Jewish workers are now welcomed!

Shadowed

A good many German journalists and "special correspondents" in London and the provinces are being watched by the Home Office.

They outnumber British correspondents in Germany by five to one, despite the small circulations of the German newspapers.

He's Wily

General Franco continues to step nimbly aside from German attempts to ensnare him into the Axis net.

You know, of course, that he recently inserted a flea into the capacious ear of Field-Marshal Goering, who was to pay an uninvited call on him.

The Marshal was actually on his way when the General caused difficulties in Berlin, so Goering was recalled.

Now Franco has asked Berlin to answer two questions before he'll join the Axis as a full-time partner:

What are the plans of the Axis? What proof has Berlin of the military superiority of the Axis?

Warning

Now think of Britain's problems. Chief, at the moment, is A.R.P.

The Air Raid Defence League is sensibly urging that not only women and children but everyone except essential workers should be moved from danger zones if an emergency came.

Two-fifths of our people are congregated in six great towns. To leave most of them in the cities would be to invite disaster.

Holidays

Besides, the billeting survey shows a million spare places. So why not move children to them from "neutral" but possibly dangerous centres such as Coventry and West Bromwich?

And why not more camps? If we spent £12,000,000—not much if spread over three years—more than three million schoolchildren could have a fortnight's holiday each year.

Hide-outs

But the Government has completed plans for "nerve centres" where, in time of war, essential services could go on unhampered by aerial attack.

● *Their country camp holiday could be shared by three million other youngsters if we completed proper A.R.P. evacuation plans*

Indeed, several of these centres have already been built. One contains power station, warehouses, railway, munition store, living accommodation for hundreds, and a camouflaged aerodrome which is not shown even on R.A.F. maps.

While unable to reveal the full facts, we can assure you that air raiders would never find them.

Nice for Spies

Other forms of defence should be tightened, as this incident shows:

An Intelligence officer, without being challenged, walked into the map room of an R.A.F. aerodrome. From there he telephoned the commanding officer, disclosing his identity and pointing out that the bag he had deposited in the room could have been used for several undesirable purposes.

Extra guards have now been posted.

New City

Secret negotiations aim at providing Scotland with a new and "ideal" city of 100,000 people, situated near loch, river and hills.

There will be 25,000 houses, to be let at rents ranging from 7s. 6d. to 25s. a week, and smokeless factories surrounded by gardens and playing-fields.

Smile, Please

It's not worth getting angry about the propaganda circulated by a London agency.

Main allegation is that Russia is being financed by wicked Americans to promote a great war, after which the American capitalists would dominate an exhausted world.

But who, we wonder, is financing this curious twaddle?

Patriotism!

No member of Stanley Council, Durham, turned up to watch a parade by the Durham Light Infantry. And the council has refused permission for a recruiting banner to be displayed in the town's main street.

Genuine conscientious objection is a quality that wins our respect. But the genuine objector, we fancy, does not try to deter others from doing what they consider their duty.

Yes, It's 1939!

Whether the Ministry of Health likes it or not, we intend to continue our attacks on the follies which aid the White Plague.

Municipal hospitals, for example, often get cases of advanced tuberculosis. These sufferers are nursed in general wards with other patients, because sanatoria will not accept them if their condition is considered hopeless.

And yet we're told that officialdom is doing everything possible to prevent the disease from spreading!

The Limit

The callous meanness of officialdom also goes on.

A North Wales man, his daughter and grandson, are having to live on 17s. unemployment allowance. The public assistance authorities refuse to supplement the sum; appeals to the Ministry of Health and the Welsh Board of Health have been in vain.

By such means, it seems, is the nation to be made A1.

Litterbug Season

Finally, we wish you a fine Whitsun. And we hope you'll wish with us that it will not mark, as it generally does, the opening of the Litterbug Season.

The litterbugs incur our wrath not merely because they disfigure the countryside with paper and cigarette cartons. But also because they leave broken bottles and tins to mark their passage—and to injure children, dogs and horses.

The extinction of the litter habit is necessary in the nation's interests. And we can all help towards that end.

Without Fear or Favour

BURN THESE BOOKS!

THROUGHOUT last year an average of 100 "crisis books" a month were published in this country.

They dealt with the dictators and war subjects generally. They played on the people's nerves—and they made big profits.

Now the spate has become a deluge. Crisis material is being turned out as fast as were the so-called war books about ten years ago.

Many of those war books, as you will remember, had some message to preach about the horrors of war.

They did so by depicting the average subaltern as a craven drunkard and the Tommy as a man who marched only because he was forced.

JOHN BULL campaigned for a long time against this pernicious trash. And in the end the publishing trades put an end to it.

NOW, WE SAY, THE 1939 LITERARY CRAZE MUST BE STOPPED.

For the genuine political studies that have recently appeared we have nothing but praise. Their writers seek to give facts, and with those facts to sweep away the mists of falsehood and propaganda gathered over Europe.

UNFORTUNATELY such books are few, and they are lost in the welter of worthless publications.

Crisis writings can be doubly mischievous when they are in book form. For a book has a long life, and the average reader is prepared to accept its contents as truth.

Let us look at the type of internationally damaging book now being published.

Last year several well-known publishers produced best sellers which dealt entirely with supposed atrocities committed by the Nazis in Central European States.

They were an horrific collection; but any newspaper man, or any other trained observer, could see at once that nearly all the sources quoted were suspect.

THE AUTHORS WERE ANONYMOUS, AND THE CONTENTS OF MOST OF THESE WORKS WERE AS BAD AS THE CRUDEST GERMAN ATROCITY PROPAGANDA WHICH WE ALL KNOW AND DESPISE.

But so circumstantial was their general "get-up" that thousands of readers must have been affected by them and had their general outlook coloured against the German people.

Another type of crisis book which is far too prevalent can be lumped together under the collective title of "Keyhole Glimpses of the Great."

Their appeal rests on the average man's keen interest in the personalities of the statesmen who are figuring in the news in these difficult times.

But few are written with any knowledge. And many of them recklessly ascribe dangerous and unauthorised opinions to the statesmen concerned.

Then there is the blatantly absurd but equally dangerous type of "crisis book," now on its way across from America to be foisted on the British public.

As usual, the publisher is "sworn to secrecy" about the identity of the writer. But it purports to give the "inside story" of Hitler's death last September, and it depicts nearly every public figure in Germany as either a moron or a murderer.

Only the other day a London publisher issued a text-book for everybody by a German writer on chemical warfare.

We will not advertise the book by giving its name. But it is described as a complete handbook on how to make explosives, incendiary substances and poison gas from simple materials.

Anybody—even a schoolboy—who pays a few shillings can learn how to make up bombs at home.

The "scare books" form about 20 per cent. of the total output. Some having a great vogue at the moment describe the notorious (and now discredited) "Douhet theory" of ruthless totalitarian warfare.

With studied calm the authors marshal a long series of "facts" about the killing power of certain weapons.

There is no means of checking these "facts." Nor is there any check on the authors' qualifications. Usually he is mentioned in the blurb as a "well-known student of warfare."

But the net effect of all his specious reasoning is that defence is hopeless, and that in a war civilian population can expect only annihilation.

In trade circles it is stated that any "crisis book" can now be certain of a 2,000 average minimum sale.

And there are dozens of publishers who are lending an eager ear to any Tom, Dick or Harry with a "topical" book.

A foreign name helps, and the more one-sided the writing, the blacker its tale of dictator intrigues and menace, the better.

ONE BIG LONDON BOOKSELLER HAS DEVOTED ALL HIS WINDOW SPACE IN A NEW BRANCH TO "CRISIS BOOKS."

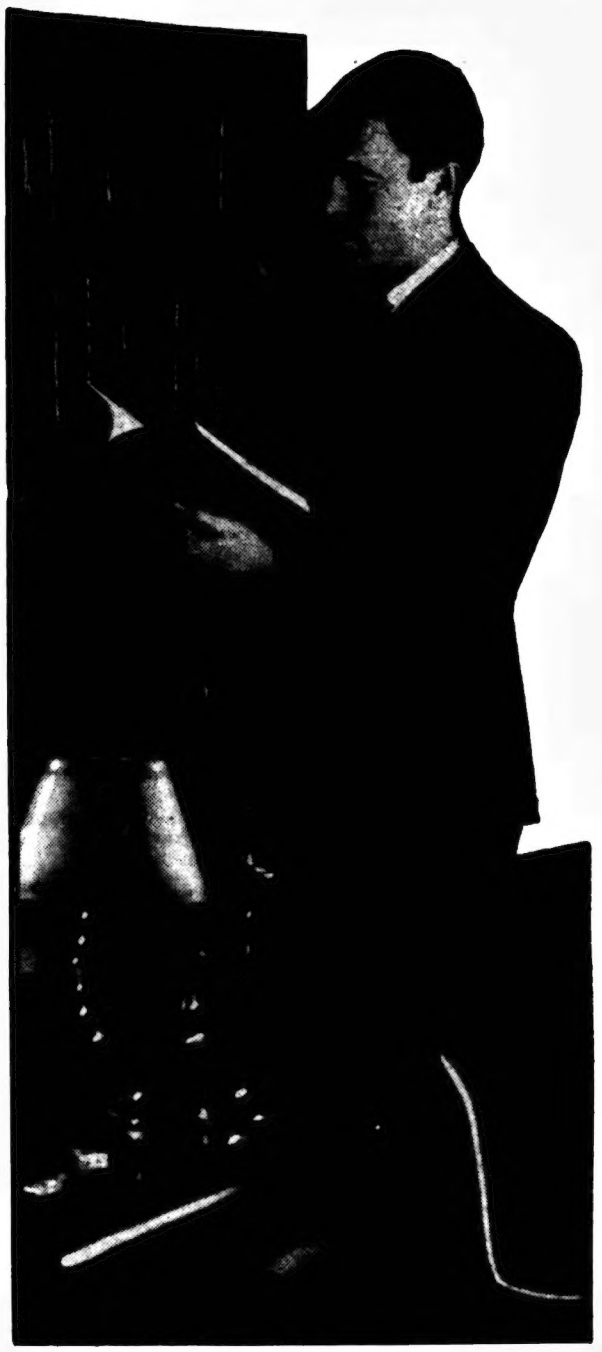
A chain of big provincial lending libraries has installed throughout its branches entire walls of shelves for "crisis and coming war" books.

IT is this stuff that is becoming more and more the week-end reading of masses of people. And the modern development of cheap reprints and pamphleteering helps to wash the tide still further into every home.

There are very few people who are equally gifted with sufficient knowledge of international affairs, economics and war strategy to assess the value of most of these outpourings.

And we suggest that in this field of irresponsible crisis books there is a greater danger to understanding between nations than anything the Press can say or do.

The spurious expert trotting out his "facts" about coming war horrors builds up the "jittery" state of mind more effectively than anyone giving a plain account of ordinary events.



"Crisis and Coming War" books are becoming more and more the week-end reading of masses of people

It is clear enough that the tension of the past year or two has been a godsend to many book publishing houses.

But there should be a limit to this cashing-in on crisis, and on the fears and ignorance of world affairs of the majority of people.

NO newspaper editor ever prints an article on this ever-present subject of the day without satisfying himself very fully about the knowledge of the writer.

And in most offices there is a real responsibility, a sort of "self-imposed censorship," about the way in which even hard facts should be presented.

Nobody knows better than the journalist how dangerous and explosive can be ideas and comment.

WE ASK THAT THE BOOK PUBLISHING TRADE SHOULD ADOPT A SIMILAR RESPONSIBILITY TOWARDS THE STUFF SOME OF ITS MEMBERS ARE PUTTING OUT.

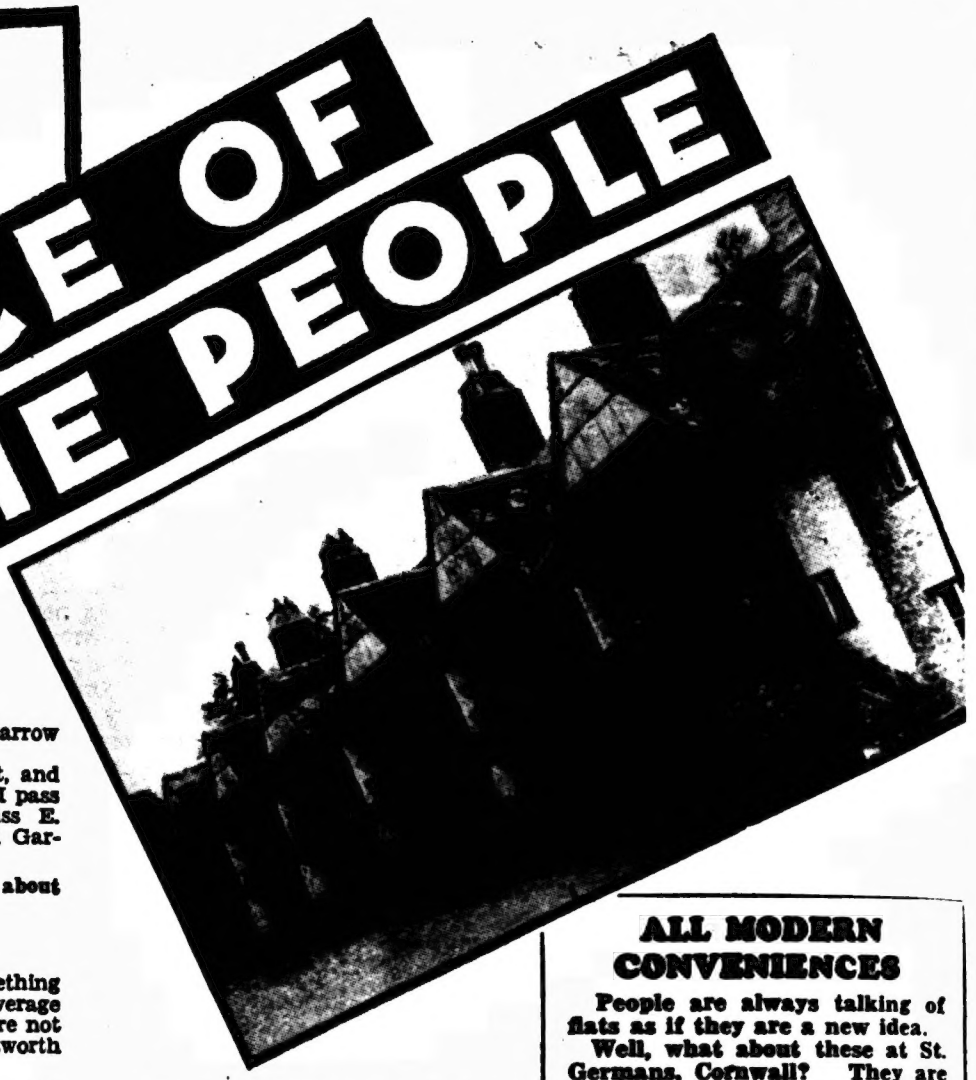
There is already a good enough case for the National Book Council or some such controlling body in the trade to take action.

National calmness and international understanding are our strongest needs to-day. And this rising tide of lurid crisis literature does not help to build those qualities.

It is time a halt was called, and we suggest the trade can do that best itself.

- ***Conscription Hits Young Job-Hunters***
- ***Tradesmen Still Blackmailed***
- ***Flower Trick***

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE



ALTHOUGH conditions get more intolerable for small shopkeepers every day, charitable organisers are increasing their blackmailing stranglehold on these people.

They go to them for goods for their bazaars and jumble sales with the implied threat that custom will be taken away if the requests are not met.

So the little men of trade stump up again—and draw a stage nearer to bankruptcy.—F. M., Bradford, Yorks.

In some places, where retailers are banded into a small traders' organisation, all charitable requests of this kind are referred to a central committee which decides what shall be done. It obviates "going one better" on the part of a rival, on which spirit such blackmail thrives.

Pen-Pal Lost

For two years my schoolgirl daughter has been corresponding with a girl in Germany. Mysteriously, six months ago the German girl ceased to write, and this has been the experience of other girls who have had German pen-pals.

Can it be that a censorship is being imposed in the Reich even on schoolgirls' letters?—W. B. L., Prince's Road, Liverpool, 8.

No censorship. Nazi anti-British propaganda has most effect on German youth, is leaving middle-aged and elderly people cold.

Here, My Change!

I stopped at a coster's barrow on which flowers were displayed near Oxford Circus, and tendered 10s. for a 1s. 3d. bunch.

As soon as I handed over the note a man shouted: "Hey up, cops"—and the two men rushed away with their barrow and my change.

I spoke to a policeman about it, and he told me it was done daily. So I pass the hint to fellow readers.—Miss E. Hudson, Hogarth Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.11.

We have had other complaints about the same trick.

Jean Tar?

Is there a woman's Navy, or something similar? My two friends and I—average age 16—would like to join, if we are not too young.—Jean MacCallum, Whitworth Close, Gosport, Hants.

Admiralty wants 1,500 young women to free secretaries, cooks, clerks, etc., for service afloat (apply, Secretary of Admiralty, C.E. Branch, Whitehall, S.W.1), but there will be no life on the ocean wave for them.

"Unwanted"

As a widow dependent on my one son, I would like to tell the Government of one conscription problem which it may not have foreseen.

My son, who is nearing conscription age, has been dismissed from his job for absence due to sickness. Normally, he is a healthy boy, and a good boxer.

I make no allegation that he was sacked because of his age—but wherever he seeks a new job he is told: "Why, you'll soon be in the Army. We don't want you."

He will go into the Army dispirited, come out jobless among the many whose employers will have to restore them to their old positions or pay a heavy penalty.—Mrs. B. Rutter, 16, Eastbourne Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

We are receiving hundreds of letters like that. In fact, this seems to be one of the worst and most widespread hardships that will result from conscription. A great deal of distress could be prevented if, to meet a few hardship cases, certain recruits were permitted to train at week-ends but over a longer period.

Dependants' Case

Conscription is an additional reason, in my opinion, why the Government should look after widows and old people a little better.

For this reason: Better not to waste money on giving a man military training if he is going to be compelled to leave his old folk in want. Such a man won't be worth twopence as a soldier.—G. W. Fisher, Horsley Cross, Mistley, Essex.

A "John Bull" expert is going to keep a special eye on the separation allowances paid to the dependants of militiamen. Information will be invited in due course.

Musical Chance

I'm an old Army band sergeant, and what old marching songs I don't remember were never written. Why, I remember playing at the head of the troops: "The Russians shall not have Con-stan-ti-nople." That was at Aldershot, in 1878.

It wouldn't do nowadays, with Russia going to help us protect Turkey's capital! Nor would "Soldiers of the Queen," with a King on the throne. Nor would "Tipperary," if Ireland wasn't with us. I can't think of one that would do.

You really want a good marching song in the Army—so who's going to give us one?—A. Gardiner, Hopefield Road, Leicester.

But are marching songs necessary in a mechanised army? Will the next "Tipperary" have the rhythm of wheels instead of the tramp, tramp of marching feet?

Good 15/- Worth

A woman advertised for a secretary-matron for a high-class school in Yorkshire. I applied.

In the interests of snobbish parents who might send their children to such schools, thus robbing them of a good council school education, I enclose the reply I received.—Miss Sylvia Kitching, Copmanthorpe, York.

What this woman wanted was a secretary who could also teach Pitman's shorthand and typewriting, help with the teaching of swimming, elocution, drawing and tennis, take the Girl Guides once a week, do embroidery, the occasional washing of underwear, and the supervision of maids' duties, for 15s. weekly and board, rising to 17s. 6d. —£1 if the elocution help was thrown in. Letter concludes: "Please state religion."

POLice 1212

I have met people in Leeds, Leicester, Bradford, Newcastle, Brighton and Manchester who knew Scotland Yard's telephone number was Whitehall 1212 but did not know the number of their own local force.

Why not, therefore, give all police stations the number 1212?—R. A. Martinez, 23, St. John's Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

A good idea. For years we have pressed for uniformity in all emergency services. Perhaps National Service will lead to that ideal.

Bought Up by Berlin

Who is the Englishman who talks contemptuously about Britain to the whole world from Germany's propaganda station?

Most of us would like to know his name. *For preference, we would like to meet him.*—I. P., Sycamore Road, Reading.

He is believed to be one of seven or eight British unemployed men bought up by Berlin to take part in anti-British propaganda.

He Wants to Pay!

As a keen cyclist, I say to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: Put a small tax on cycles, if only 2s. 6d. a year.

I am fed up with tax-paying road-users who treat me as if I've got no right to be off the pavement.—Frank Potts, 27, John Street, Hanley, Staffs.

He'll be pleased by our exclusive news on page 5. But how many of Britain's eight million cyclists will agree with him?

For the Defence

Why shouldn't a person defending himself in a court of law have the same ability to question and intervene as a lawyer?

As I see it from the public gallery, he hasn't. The person in the dock has to stay mute unless asked to speak.

If this is so, where are these scales of Justice?—J. N. Howarth, 15, Mason Square, Ovenden, Halifax, Yorks.

Most people believe this, but they are wrong. A prisoner defending himself has as much license as a lawyer would have in defending him.

In fact, many judges give him a little added license. If he is silenced it is because he is speaking in the wrong place or in the wrong manner (as, for example, giving hearsay as evidence, or making a statement to a witness instead of asking him a question), things a lawyer wouldn't do.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

People are always talking of flats as if they are a new idea.

Well, what about these at St. Germans, Cornwall? They are 500 years old. And to-day they are occupied by twelve widows.

How up-to-date they would sound, offered by an enterprising house agent as "completely self-contained, own balconies."—W. F., Truro.

!

HOW soon will the authorities realise how futile many of our A.R.P. services will be in case of war?

Perhaps they will do so when the ranks of their volunteers are thinned out during the next few weeks as the first batch of conscripts leave for training.

I know members of two different volunteer fire brigades, in adjoining districts, with ages as low as 19.

I know, too, of a first-aid team with an average age of 21.

To take these men is to waste the training they have been given. And what good can the respective teams do if they are swallowed up in the fighting forces?

If the older men were approached more sympathetically, they would respond as willingly as they did in 1914, and by doing so they would prevent a complete and disastrous disorganisation of our essential precautionary services.—W. B., Huddersfield.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.*

A. G. Gardiner

declares that the Peace Front can Win—

The WAR of NERVES

ALL the world is at war, but it is a war of nerves, a war of strain and tension and national morale.

How long this strain can be borne without collapse into actual war no one can tell.

But that it has not so collapsed in the face of the many incidents which in other days would have provoked instant war is an evidence of the universal fear of war.

It is on that fear that the dictators have gambled.

It is through the exploitation of that fear that they have come so near to universal victory.

Every surrender was an encouragement to them to turn the screw of fear still more, under the conviction that there was no point at which their policy of aggression would be decisively challenged.

That point has now been passed. Hitler and Mussolini know that it has passed. Through their controlled Press they still seek to convince their peoples that the "decadent" democracies will not fight.

They do this while at the same time denouncing them as the "war-mongers."

The one lie is now as transparent as the other. And the dictators know it. They are straining every nerve to recover the dominion of Fear by their defiant speeches and their displays of force.

BUT they strive in vain. The tide, as I said some weeks ago, has turned, and I believe turned finally.

EVERY WEEK, INDEED EVERY DAY, CONSOLIDATES THE STRENGTH OF THE PEACE FRONT, AND TO THAT EXTENT DECREASES THE RELATIVE POWER OF THE WAR FRONT.

If we stand firm, the catastrophe may yet be averted. It can be averted in no other way.

In this war of nerves through which Europe is passing, it is the spirit of the peoples which will be the deciding factor.

The dictators have divided peoples behind them, vast resentful minorities, dragooned by force and terrorised by secret police.

As a close student of Italy remarked to me the other day:

"Mussolini has one friend, Hitler, but he has three enemies at home: the Crown, the Church, and the Italian people, all of whom hate the subjection to Germany."

And the case of Hitler is hardly less ominous. Think of Austria, and of those seven millions of undigested and rebel Czechs.

Contrast this with our own case. We have our differences and our quarrels, and, fortunately, we have the freedom to air them

But on the great issue before us the Home Front is solid. And it is on the Home Front that the war of nerves will be decided.

It is this fact which makes it vital that we should inspire that front with confidence, enthusiasm and the assurance of security.

Things are going well with us on the external front. The spirit of France has undergone a dramatic change.

All the news I hear of the naval position is reassuring—and more.

The building of the wall against aggression in Eastern Europe and the Balkans is almost complete.

IN the economic field we have struck some resounding blows against Hitler's sinister policy of sandbagging our trade.

And in the background is a sympathetic America.

All this should inspire the Home Front. But in this phase of the struggle, the war of nerves, that front must look after itself.

Its main task is to make itself so secure against attack that no "knock-out blow" can be accomplished. The peril lies in two directions.

In a military sense, Britain has ceased to be an island. Invulnerable to attack for a thousand years, it is now as vulnerable from the air as Paris or Berlin.

The criminal neglect of this tremendous fact, which was so largely responsible for the tragedy of Munich, is now fast being overtaken.

We have abundant anti-aircraft guns, and the production of fighting 'planes—all of the latest and best: a most important fact—is proceeding with gathering momentum.

If war should unhappily come, the knock-out blow from the air would fail.

But dreadful things would mark its failure. And it is in the matter of our preparedness to deal with such an emergency that we are still lamentably behind.

Sir John Anderson has done much to make up the leeway, but in this matter we are not in the same category as Germany.

Take the question of "black-outs." In Berlin and other German cities "black-out" experiments have been in progress for years—even before Hitler came to power.

THERE HAS NOT BEEN A TRIAL "BLACK-OUT" IN LONDON YET!

Experimental tests have been made in Manchester and the North-west, and we are told that the delay in the Metropolis is due to the desire to have the experience gained in other cities for guidance.

But how can our A.R.P. organisation expect to function in the immediate presence of danger without abundant practice in normal conditions?

TURN to another aspect. This time it is the public itself which is to blame.

The recruitment for national service is still woefully deficient.

"It is not only in air raid precautions services that there are deficiencies," says Sir John Anderson, "but also in the vitally important Auxiliary Fire Service."

No one can doubt that in the event of an air attack the incendiary bomb would be one of the most destructive instruments employed to bring us to our knees.

The other menace to the Home Front is starvation, and in this case it is the Government who are the slackers.

In his new book, "Security: Can We Retrieve It?" Sir Arthur Salter stresses the deadly peril in which we stand in this respect.

No one speaks with such authority on the subject as he does, for he was one of the two men who saved us from the great peril in 1917.

For years he has been appealing to the Government to build up reserves of food, and appealing in vain.

IT IS THE SIMPLE TRUTH THAT IN THIS MATTER GERMANY, IN SPITE OF HER LIABILITY TO BLOCKADE, IS AT THIS MOMENT IN A MORE SECURE FOOD POSITION THAN WE ARE.

SHE has built up vast reserves of food, while we, in spite of certain purchases of wheat, are still practically dependent for our supplies in war on our ability to defeat the submarine.

By the expenditure of £5,000,000 a year we could make the position absolutely secure.

Why does the Government hesitate? Merely as a measure for increasing confidence, the certainty that our food was assured would enormously strengthen us in that war of nerves which, if we win, may yet avert the catastrophe of war itself.

Not from the B.B.C.

IPSWICH SYMPHONY!

Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?
Who turns an eye censorious
On Disney, and would like to see
His evil pictures placed on the
Index expurgatorius?

The answer is: "A clergyman";
With Mickey Mouse he quarrels,
And fears if Donald Duck's not checked,
He's bound to have a dire effect
On Little Willy's morals!

MEET the Rev. T. Thompson. But don't merely remark "How d'you do?" and pass on. Examine him with the scientific interest you would bestow on a white elephant.

For it is to Mr. Thompson, president of Ipswich Free Church Council, that we are indebted for the announcement: "Saturday morning 'Silly Symphony' film shows for Ipswich children do more than anything to lower the morals of the younger generation."

Can you beat it? If it comes to that, could Dr. Goebbels beat it?

In fact, the only person who can compete with the Rev. T. Thompson is the Rev. T. Thompson. For having condemned Fairyland as a foul plague spot, he next proceeded to tick off Ipswich.

"The morals of this town," he declared, "have sunk as low as they possibly can." And for this he blamed dog-racing and pin-tables—presumably with Snow White, the Seven Dwarfs, and the Three Little Pigs as accessories after the fact.

Donald Duck protests

Well, well! Since pin-tables reared their ugly heads and the quagmire of dog-racing began, so to speak, to engulf the citizens in its vicious tentacles, Ipswich, maybe, has changed a lot.

But when I knew it in the not-so-long-ago, any place less like somewhere east o' Suez or on the road to Buenos Ayres could not well be imagined.

On the bank of the Gipping a clergyman stood,
Crying "Fish! Stinking Fish! Stinking Fish!"
Till I asked: "Reverend sir, does it do any good
Croaking 'Fish! Stinking Fish! Stinking Fish!'?
If your city of sinners now owns such a lot,
Then its spiritual guides cannot be very hot;
Don't you think it is time they were put on the spot,
With their 'Fish! Stinking Fish! Stinking Fish!'?"

Y. Z.

Hugh Richards was photographed when he broadcast one of his talks in the United States

Sir Wyndham Childs'

A Lecture Hall LOTHARIO!

SOMEWHERE in this country is Hugh Richards, most subtle hoaxer in International police records.

He has just slipped over from the United States after astonishing adventures there, and is believed to be planning a big lecture tour.

That's typical of his gigantic bluff, and it is the way he fooled New York and a whole chain of cities.

Richards knows he is an excellent speaker, and he makes the most of it—but only as a cloak for his clever impostures.

More amazing still, when he landed in America last summer he was just a cook's help on a liner.

Things had become too hot for him on the Continent, so he made one of his quick name changes and secured a kitchen job on a boat sailing for New York.

As soon as the liner docked he deserted, and in no time he was being fêted as a much-travelled journalist and lecturer, without anyone suspecting how he had arrived in the country!

When later he was unmasked, after failing to pay his hotel bills at Colorado Springs, it was revealed that he had been launched on his lecture tour by spoofing influential people over his entirely mythical acquaintance with prominent persons in London.

He made out that he had been to a famous English public school before he went to a university, and had been secretary to an English politician.

Once the whole pretence crumbled, it became known, too, that Richards, good looking and charming, had fluttered the hearts of many well-to-do girls as he travelled from place to place.

Some wanted to marry him, and at one time he was reported to be engaged to a film star.

She found she was poorer financially before she realised that Richards was simply a designing impostor.

Some of the other girls and women he met gave him money.

Lothario, as he was promptly nicknamed in the American papers, was allowed out on parole pending an application for his deportation.

It was then that he slipped away, going first to the Continent before he came on to London.

The favourite lecture with which this cool adventurer had intrigued his audiences was on the differences between English and American journalism.

His fierce attacks on the latter naturally helped him to secure considerable publicity.

As an accomplished linguist, he was able to keep up the fiction of his extensive travels, but even so, it is remarkable that his claim to be a famous European journalist was not challenged sooner, particularly as some of his talks were broadcast.

So convincing was Richards that some of the prominent residents who had lionised him during his tour felt sure there must be some grave mistake when he was thrown into jail.

When they heard the details of his career, obtained by the police from Scotland Yard, the French Sûreté, and police headquarters in Brussels, they were stunned.

The man they had listened to so raptly had, they found, been living on his wits for years.

He is looked on as a master in the art of obtaining credit and persuading people to lend him sums of money on various pretexts.

Though he has been the subject of police complaint, his nationality is still a mystery.

It is thought that he first came to Europe from Australia, but it is not known whether he was born there.

Public Benefactor

Mr. C. Macdonald, of 29, Hood Street, Kilmarnock, receives this week's £1 1s. for bringing to my notice a newspaper announcement which has proved of great interest.

Address all "Public Benefactor" communications to me at 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I deal with them personally.

This "Protection" Can be Costly

FROM its literature, the Northern Borrowers' Aid and Protection Society, Ltd., which has offices in Liverpool, Manchester, and the Strand, London, seems something like a holy mission to rescue people from moneylenders.

Enquiry shows, however, that it is actually a business, and those who seek aid are expected to pay quite liberal fees for any services rendered.

That, I think, might at least be made much clearer in the literature.

His Honour Judge Dumas also, apparently, thought so when one client was sued for substantial fees at Westminster County Court some time ago.

The company at that time was, he said, managed by two directors.

"One, originally a chauffeur, is now connected with a moneylending business. The other (Henry S. Lipson) is a gentleman who has been a moneylender."

The judge went on to say that when the young man who was being sued consulted Lipson it was clear he was told again and again: "It will cost you nothing."

All the young man wanted was to get a lower rate of payment and a longer period in which to pay.

He was willing to pay the Society a reasonable fee for arranging this, but costs were piled up by an orgy of letter-writing. A solicitor came into it, and there was a charge for an accountant.

In the end a bill for twenty-five guineas was presented.

The judge, in dismissing the claim with costs, added that the whole action filled him with disgust and suspicion.

"It seems," he said, "to be actuated more by venom against moneylenders than anything else."

Before me, too, is another case in which this Society, professing a noble object, issued an execution on another client who could not pay its fees.

My advice to anyone who is in difficulty over a moneylending transaction is to consult a solicitor at once and not to have anything to do with concerns like this Society.

BIBLE RIDDLE

WHAT is the mystery behind the disappearance of a valuable Vulgate Bible from Buckingham Parish Church?

It was recovered the next day, but, since the case where it was kept was prised open, everyone in the neighbourhood is wondering why no further action appears to have been taken.

Naturally, there was great consternation when the exhibition case was found open and the Bible missing.

The vicar called in the police and an urgent message was sent to Scotland Yard, so that a general warning could be sent out in case anyone tried to dispose of it.

* * *

Next day the vicar received a telegram telling him where it was, and it was at once recovered.

Do the police know the name of the man concerned?

If so, it is odd that the matter has apparently been allowed to drop.

Good Fairy

MAKE the acquaintance of two philanthropists.

J. G. Osborne, of Common Field Road, Banstead, Surrey, says that if you let him bet with your money "we shall enrich ourselves to the tune of £2,000 weekly."

Gordon Paget, of 11, Downing Court, Brunswick Square, London, W.C., is a little more modest.

He claims that the £2,000 will come in a year if you stake £100 on his system.

This good fairy gives profuse explanations in his circular—but he omits the important information that his real name is William Herbert Gollings.

Strange these men should want to share such easy money!

Very Private Firm

STRANGE thing about Henry William Holliman, who runs county directories, is that a very special directory seems to be needed to find him and his publications.

On the receipt forms given to those who book advertising space, head office is shown as Heythorpe Street, London, S.W.

But that, I find, is the private residence of his brother, who knows nothing about the business and merely forwards letters to 55, Teevan Road, Addiscombe, where Henry William lives.

That is just a private house, too, and Mrs. Holliman could not lay her hand on a single copy of the directories when my representative called.

She told him he could no doubt obtain one at the London office which was in Heythorpe Street. Holliman and his representatives canvass advertisements for County Directories and County Business Directories.

Only the latter name is registered and the last address recorded is Replingham Road, Southfields, London, S.W.

The Matron of a Worthing nursing home who has paid for announcements in both directories for three years has not yet seen a copy of either in the locality.

A complete re-indexing of this curiously run business seems very much overdue.

Meanwhile, anyone approached to take advertising space should make quite sure what they are expected to pay for.

Mr. A. Gordon, Editor of "The Free Church Diary and Directory," informs me that the 1939 edition will be published in June.

Free Church ministers support the publication, which began some years ago, and I am glad to hear that a reader's complaint about an advertisement, to which I referred recently, is an isolated case.

Weekly Warnings

Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, must clear up the scandal of coloured seamen

These Two Rogues are on the Run!

BOARDING-HOUSE keepers throughout the country, most recently in the North, are being robbed by a particularly mean thief.

His real name is believed to be Jamieson, but he uses any number of aliases.

Once inside a house where he has taken apartments his expert eye makes a quick inventory of everything he thinks worth stealing.

Before the owner and fellow-guests have had time to size up the new arrival he vanishes and so do many of their belongings and any money he can lay hands on.

He resorts to all kinds of ruses to get away with his loot unnoticed.

Frequently he robs a number of houses in the same town in this way before he moves on, and the police now regard him as the most persistent crook of his kind in the whole country.

Lately he has stooped to plundering comparatively poor people trying to make a little extra money by letting rooms.

At Sunderland he called at one house where this was done because the husband had been out of work for three years.

He booked the rooms and the same night when her husband was out he confided to the landlady that a girl friend of his, living at the other side of the town, was in trouble.

Would she go along with him to give her some motherly advice?

The woman agreed and took her young baby with her, leaving a neighbour's daughter to take care of an older child.

When they arrived at the appointed place the girl friend was not there.

Jamieson asked his landlady to wait while he went to look for her.

She waited—for nearly an hour—and then the neighbour's daughter turned up with her other child, saying the new lodger had given her the tram fare to come along.

When they hurried home they found Jamieson had stolen some money placed aside for the rent and a suit and overcoat belonging to the husband.

That's an example of this scoundrel's mean methods.

He has several times been to jail and the sooner he is back there the better.

* * *

An attractive chart recently shown to many Northamptonshire tradesmen gave, it was claimed, every radio wavelength.

But the most important one was missing.

That's the station of smartly dressed, debonair R. Beresford, who persuaded the tradesmen to pay £2 for advertising space in the chart.

Since he took their money nothing more has been heard of him or his chart.

He said he represented Seaton's Advertising Services, Elyseum Terrace, Northampton, but letters sent there have been returned by an angry landlord.

Beresford, if that is his name, had flown, owing rent for an office.

His bluff is that the folder will be widely distributed free.

When a shopkeeper agrees to take advertising space he has the announcement set up by a local printer, whom he frequently does not pay.

Thus he is able to show a proof of the advertisement to his victim and collect payment in advance.

Beresford is between forty and forty-five years of age, and has a small, neatly clipped moustache.

My Song of the Fee

WHY do ladies grow moustaches?

This is not a silly season conundrum, but the title of a song which figures in the newest version of the music publishing racket.

"Radio exploitation" is the lure held out by Universal Ads., of Prince's Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

A Plymouth reader who submitted the song with this quaint title was assured that orchestration was all-important.

So he was urged to get in touch with an "arranger," Mr. Chester Lee, of Heath Road, Twickenham.

I think I'll send him my song: "Fees, fees, glorious fees."

Graft Bosses Cheat Seamen

A FIREMAN'S job on a cargo boat is pretty hard going and the pay none too good.

Yet many coloured seamen have to pay for the work!

At most ports, particularly South Shields, Hull, Cardiff and Barry Docks, they are systematically fleeced by rascals who bribe ships' engineers to engage only the men they name.

The graft bosses, almost invariably foreigners, are generally boarding-house keepers who cater exclusively for coloured men.

On an average they make their victims pay £10 for each voyage, and as they deal with scores in a year the haul is substantial.

It is chiefly Indians and West Africans who are imposed on, because they are outside the Board of Trade registration scheme.

Any ship requiring a crew of Somalis and Arabs must take those on the rota available at most ports, but the big loophole which permits this disgraceful racket is that engineers may select any nationality they choose.

Thus those who accept bribes from unscrupulous boarding-house masters take the Indians and West Africans who have been made to pay for their jobs.

When one rogue who had persuaded a coloured man to pay him £10 was trapped and fined recently at South Shields, Alderman J. R. Curbison, one of the magistrates, said it was quite evident that this trafficking and corruption was widespread.

It is exceedingly difficult to discover those engaged in it, and in this case, one of the rare instances where prosecution had been possible, the culprit was brought to book only because his victim had the courage to tell a policeman at the aliens' office.

After paying £10 he had expected to be signed on automatically for a second voyage, but when he went to the shipping office he found the graft boss waiting for him outside with a demand for another £8.

Some boarding-house masters have these ignorant coloured seamen in their grip from the moment they step ashore.

They are persuaded to hand over their money "for safety," and the boarding-house keepers, after deducting so much for their board, hand them small sums when they want to buy anything.

It is thus easy for the men they rely on so much to persuade them that the only way they can be signed on for a new voyage is by paying the levy demanded.

Flustered by their strange surroundings, many of them imagine it is a legal custom.

Of course, there are many ships' engineers who will have nothing to do with the racket, but there are sufficient in it to make the whole practice a scandal.

In the recent prosecution at South Shields, Mr. William Dimond, Superintendent of the Board of Trade Offices there, explained that a boarding-house master might compel six seamen to pay him £8 each.

He would then hand perhaps £20 to a ship's engineer to engage them, and so make a profit of £28 on the deal.

Existing Board of Trade regulations are utterly inadequate for dealing with this barefaced corruption and new rules are obviously urgently needed.

JUST A QUACK

HIS advertisements say that eyesight sufferers are simply scrambling for the services of Ronald Stewart as he flits about the country.

But with the most powerful spectacles in the world they could probably not discern that "Ronald Stewart" is merely a business name.

It was registered little more than a year ago by Joseph Israel Abrahamson, of Alexander Court, Wembley.

Whatever other qualifications Mr. Abrahamson may have, he is certainly just a quack so far as eyesight is concerned.

Yet in his announcements when he was at High Wycombe, Bucks, recently, he refers to "Ronald Stewart, the sight-testing specialist from London."

It is almost incredible, after all the warnings that have been issued, that people continue to entrust their eyesight to these spectacle-touts who, unfortunately, still abound.

DODGE 'EM

STILL they come—these all-weather snowballs.

The Mystic Novelty Company, of Station Parade, Ealing Common, London, dangle £156. 5s.—if 3,125 of your friends' friends' friends buy a mystic lucky emblem for 2s. 6d.!

Beside that, the promise of Earnmores, of Bank Street, Birmingham, of "an article worth 20s." if you persuade twenty of your friends each to buy twenty coupons for 1s. 8d., seems just a snowflake.

Still, you'll be foolish to bother with any of them.

* * *

OUR old friend Pastor D. Hurst's latest balance-sheet for his London and Provincial Evangelistic Destitute Mission shows that out of £638 collected, only £208 was devoted to charity.

So turn away his collectors.

* * *

NEW doorstep ramp.

Persuasive young man calls and offers budgerigars "because a lady friend who has a number of them is going abroad."

Then, promising to bring the birds next day, collects payment in advance for bargains in sheets and blankets to be delivered at the same time.

But he never returns.

* * *

ARTHUR GORDON, the money-lending genius I exposed, has gone from the address in West Ealing, London, where he stayed.

Beware his wiles should they come from another source.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier—3

CROOKS (and fools) *in* FAMOUS MASKS

The Duke of Windsor was the victim of an impudent masquerade in Paris. Lord Howard de Walden (left) was impersonated by a man who obtained £500 jewellery in his name

A NEW-STYLE crime wave is sweeping England. Directed against titled and famous people, it is spreading alarm in Mayfair luxury flats and country mansions. Even the dreaded cat-burglar is eclipsed.

Well-known people in London's most exclusive residential districts are becoming more and more hesitant about mentioning their names in shops, hotels, anywhere where they are not well known.

And the leading shops and hotels have brought into existence a private police gazette of their own.

IT IS BECAUSE IMPERSONATION IS MORE PREVALENT THAN EVER BEFORE IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.

At Surrey Quarter Sessions a hardened name faker was sent to jail for three years. The prisoner was Leslie Francis Collier, and he pleaded guilty to a dozen charges of false pretences.

Collier was described as having a "grandiose complex," which medical men and psychologists had failed to cure.

He had posed as the "Earl of Macduff." In Edinburgh, on one occasion, he was interviewed by detectives, but the young man convinced them that he actually was the Earl.

Some impersonators are known to spend months building up an elaborate structure of pretence before they obtain goods and money dishonestly.

A few pretend to be well-known people out of reasons of vanity, of course; some to get backing for a business deal, or to ingratiate themselves with one particular person.

BUT the rest are out for all they can get—money for preference.

How widespread it all is can be judged from this fact:

Of ten well-known people living in different parts of the country who were rung up and asked by JOHN BULL "Are you being impersonated by anybody?" six admitted that they were.

In fact, C. R. W. Nevinson, famous artist, said: "I am definitely going out less because of the activities of one man.

"People I have been introduced to have remarked that they think an introduction rather unnecessary seeing that they have put me up in the past at their homes.

"A man I had never met in my life before stopped me and said: 'So you were cutting me dead, were you? Pretty poor return for the night when I found you in difficulties and gave you a bed.

"This impersonator has operated a lot in the Brighton area, where, at the moment, I have a friend on the look-out for him.

"A lot of the legends that have grown up round my name are due to this man —so, as far as some of the legends are concerned, I have reason to be grateful to him.

"But, as he has not hesitated to raise a bit of money at times on the strength of my name, I do not welcome his existence on the whole."

Less avaricious, perhaps, are the motives of a man who for some years has impersonated Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Night after night he stands among the highlights recounting daring naval adventures in which he has figured.

Glass in hand, with a voluble story on his lips, he has drawn the limelight to himself in pretty well all the big cities of England—always when there have been plenty of women about.

"WE haven't heard of him for some little time," said a member of Lord Louis's staff. "But we do know that his motive has always been vanity and nothing else."

But it wasn't vanity that impelled a variety actor to go on a European tour as Mr. Lupino Lane.

"I brought his activities to a stop when he reached Poland by notifying the police of Warsaw," Mr. Lane told JOHN BULL. "And since then I haven't been troubled by him."

To counteract crook masqueraders printed, confidential information about suspects is circulated regularly between London hotel and store detectives. This helps them in the watch for bogus "Lord That" and fictitious "Lady This."

The house detectives have an unenviable task when a masquerader is at work. They have to step with extreme caution lest by unfortunate chance they should mistake the real customer for the counterfeit and so cause a storm of trouble.

So large sums of money are lost each year by London stores, hotels and restaurants through the crooks in famous masks.

What happens frequently is that the masqueraders take the names of important and wealthy people who have been account holders at London shops for many years and then pass "dud" cheques with their forged signatures.

Distinguished novelists and writers are easy game because, while their names are widely known, their faces are not.

Mr. H. V. Morton discovered to his annoyance that another "Mr. H. V. Morton" was making an appearance in different parts of the country, and securing credit on account of his name and reputation. This masquerader ended in the police court.

Not long ago Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, received a letter from a distraught father pleading that she should stop ruining his son's life. The boy, declared this father, was being completely demoralised by her, and was threatening to give up a promising business career.

In fact, Mrs. Atherton had never met the young man. She had no knowledge of his existence. The affair with the son was being carried on by an impostor, posing as "Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist."

A particularly impudent attempt was made to impersonate the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and Scotland Yard was consulted by the Paris police.

It appeared that an hotel in Paris received a telephone message requesting that a suite should be reserved for the Duke and Duchess, who would be arriving that night.

According to the instructions, the Duke and Duchess were travelling incognito, and in no circumstances was the fact of their coming unexpectedly to Paris to be made known.

To the surprise of the hotel, they were alone, without even personal attendants or their usual detective guard.

After three days the couple departed. Their bill was unpaid, and the management realised that lavish entertainment had been provided for a couple of daring, obnoxious masqueraders.

London is now regularly plagued and victimised by a number of people who wear the masks of royalty.

As soon as possible, JOHN BULL tears off these masks.

There was tall, handsome "Prince Wolff Henrich van Stolberg," cousin to Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, who was received without question in society early this year.

HE arrived at Southampton from New York with valet, chauffeur and expensive motor-car, stayed first of all in a West End hotel and then took a flat in Curzon Street, Mayfair.

The "Prince" lived well, ran up heavy bills, was entertained splendidly, and then disappeared.

"Something must have happened to him," said his friends, and reported the "Prince" as missing.

It occurred to one investigator to telephone the Stolberg Castle in the Hartz mountains, Germany, to see if there was any news.

And the real Prince spoke on the telephone. He said explicitly that he had never been to England and he had never been to the United States. Moreover, he was the only member of the family with the names Wolff Henrich.

Crash went the elaborate pretence of the bogus "Prince," and it turned out that he was really Otto Joseph d'Alberte, a Belgian, with no right to any title, but with a long career as a fraudulent masquerader.

Name and identity of Lord Howard de Walden was taken by James Murray Britten, an artist, in order to obtain by fraud jewellery worth £500, which was later sold for £250 to a London store.

Cases without number of the same kind of duplicity could be quoted from JOHN BULL records, which are frequently consulted by the police.

And each week additions are made as a new exponent does his act.

The Puff of Smoke

IT was described in the local paper as "the most awe-inspiring and destructive thunderstorm experienced in the district for more than half a century."

And certainly the din was like the collapsing of whole mountain ranges. Thousands of stabs of vivid blue lit up the night sky for minutes on end.

But it is not for its grim beauty that a JOHN BULL reader will remember that storm.

One crackling flash looped round his aerial, hissed through the window at which he was sitting.

A puff of smoke went up and he knew that his treasured wireless set had been rudely silenced.

He will remember that—and one pleasant discovery he made when the storm was over.

A look in his desk told him that the unique JOHN BULL free family insurance gift protected readers against this and many other eventualities—and a letter to JOHN BULL brought a cheque which proved it.

Now, because of a simple precaution on his part, his home still has the boon of wireless.

The precaution is one you should take immediately if you have not done so already: turn to and sign the coupon printed on page 2 of this issue.

You never know when you will need our help

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH

DEAR SIR REGINALD,—Behold a Daniel come to judgment!

In your great wisdom, you told us that this rich land could be made to flow with milk and honey, and could provide work for an extra million men.

That was before you became Minister of Agriculture. What has come after?

A few doles of public money, a few dribs and drabs of policy—of which the latest is your scheme to spend £1,250,000 on buying farm machinery.

But there is no sign of the comprehensive plan we so urgently need to make good food available to all our people, to save farmers from bankruptcy, farms from falling into decay, and fertile fields reverting to jungle.

Yet in your desk, accumulating dust, is a broad plan that would be put into immediate effect in event of hostilities.

Perhaps you will explain why you wait for circumstances that will probably never come. Surely wise husbandry is as necessary in peace as in war?—JOHN BULL.

The PRIME MINISTER,
10, Downing Street

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You disappoint me.

A handful of people were richer by £4,000,000,000 between them when the Great War ended. To prevent any repetition of this exploitation of the nation's agony, an M.P. has brought in a Conscription of Wealth Bill.

You refuse to consider it, refuse also to state when you will introduce alternative proposals and thus carry out your pledge.

Hurry up, or the country will think that publicly-given pledge was just eyewash.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Ealing, Middlesex

GENTLEMEN,—"Easy to be wise after the event," you moan—as though it wasn't obvious to the dullest intelligence that A.R.P. trenches, flooded with six feet of water and guarded by a broken fence, were a danger to young life!

So a young boy in your area has been drowned, and there have been similar wickedly needless tragedies elsewhere.

If "life-saving" trenches waste lives in peacetime, what use would they be if war came suddenly?—JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. CROOKSHANK, M.P.,
Financial Secretary, Treasury

DEAR SIR,—Though small wage-earners are harassed by income tax officials, wealthy men can amass arrears amounting to scores of thousands of pounds.

Moreover, a man in the bankruptcy court admits that he has never paid the tax because he thought that incomes up to £600 a year were exempt.

Please instruct your revenue chiefs to take their feet off the desk and round up the dodgers.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. WOODWARD,
Nottingham

DEAR MADAM,—I appreciate your frankness. "Here," you say, "we take care of racehorses and prize animals only. Many women have nothing like the opportunity in birth and nutrition that a good racehorse has."

A familiar truth that should, but doesn't, make racehorse owners and poodle worshippers tremble with disgust, and which supports my belief that our civilisation is as topsy-turvy as Alice's Wonderland.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. B. BEECROFT,
Town Clerk, High Wycombe

DEAR SIR,—A night nurse at the isolation hospital is forced to work between 80 and 84 hours a week, with only one night off in a month.

To discourage recruits to the noblest and worst-paid of women's professions?—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Hampshire County Council

GENTLEMEN,—Hampshire must be Britain's Back o' Beyond.

For proof, listen to the allegation of a deputation that will shortly urge you to improve maternity services.

An ambulance sent at night to take a mother to hospital had no lights, travelled at four miles an hour with a nurse walking in front to guide it. The mother's life was "saved by inches."

What a miserable slur on a rich county!—JOHN BULL.

Herr ERNST BOHLE,
Leader, Germans Abroad

MEIN HERR,—For sanity's sake get rid of the stupid notion that Germans living abroad are made the scapegoats for "the hatred felt against the strengthened Germany."

Do we persecute Germans living here? Have those in your native town of Bradford been stoned or reviled? Did not Munich show how anxious we are to treat Germany with sympathy?

We are still anxious to arrive at a mutual understanding. But such sentiments as yours make it more difficult even than Goering's boasts to arrive at that goal.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Football Association

GENTLEMEN,—Gland treatment for players must be stopped, and I hope you will back the Football League in its campaign against the practice.

You must know that most of the League clubs, from which you derive your huge wealth, view this form of "doping" with repugnance.

You must know why a famous official was bundled at half-time from the dressing-room of a club which later put up a terrific exhibition of goal-scoring.

You have been apathetic for far too long. Now act.—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Wolverhampton

YOUR WORSHIP,—Before your council took over the Low Hill housing estate, tenants were allowed to keep poultry. Now they have been told to get rid of their hens

Impertinent folly! Poultry-keeping is one way in which the ordinary fellow can help to increase the nation's food supply. To ban it is an interference with his rights as a citizen.

Put to roost the little Hitlers who disgrace your city!—JOHN BULL.

Lady PARES,
British Commonwealth League

DEAR LADY PARES,—I doubt your assertion that "cheap labour" is the reason for the Government's sex-distinction in civil defence services. "Muddle-headedness" might be nearer the mark.

I should like to see not only equal pay and equal compensation in a time of danger but also in all normal occupations.

That would lead to men and women being employed in the jobs for which they are respectively fitted, and end wage-cutting and other evils.—JOHN BULL.

We Accuse!

They Want to Make this Hovel Bomb-Proof

SOME days ago A.R.P. experts visited No. 2, Lydia Cottages, Benhill Street, Sutton. They measured the potential resistance of the house against high-explosive bombs.

They would have done far more good if they had brought along a dynamite squad to blast away the place immediately.

For the occupiers, Mr. and Mrs. George Hawkins and their two children, are living in what must be the worst home in Britain.

Showers of plaster fall from roof and walls at the slightest touch. Great gaps have laid bare the stonework and rotting timbers of the interior.

What was once the kitchen is now like the corner of a junk yard. No cooking or warmth has been possible there for months.

Meals have to be prepared on the tiny fireplace of the upper bedroom, where, under most unhealthy conditions, the family takes its meals.

Windows have long since gone and rain sweeps in through the frames—and through a hole in the front door.

Rats attack the occupiers.

The Hawkins home, in fact, is nothing but a ruin. It has been allowed to fall into this appalling condition because the ground on which it stands may be wanted for a development scheme.

For many months the family has been waiting to move into a new house—when one is for them.

All that time, ready for the removal, their chattels have been stacked in the only living-room.

So far, however, the only accommodation offered has been a house at the impossible rent of 30s. weekly. That sum would absorb three-fifths of the wage Mr. Hawkins receives as greenkeeper to the Merton Park Golf Club.

From morning to night, Mrs. Hawkins trudges the district searching for a home. She and her husband have filled up application forms at the local council offices, but the documents are apparently filed away and forgotten.

Not once have council members even bothered to examine the terrible conditions of what passes for a dwelling-house.

And yet, as the recent visit of A.R.P. experts showed, Authority seems very anxious to preserve the hideous hovel from bombardment!

The misery of the Hawkins family is a challenge to the Government spokesmen who, in Parliament a few days ago, made it appear that evil housing has now become only a memory of an unhappy past.

The Hawkins live in the heart of a proud and rich borough. But no one seems to worry about their awful circumstances—least of all, the municipal authorities entrusted with the duty of ensuring decent living conditions for the people.

Broken—then Harried

INVARIABLY now the verdict of the law in suicide cases is that the victim's balance of mind was upset at the time of death.

There has, however, been no softening of attitude by the authorities towards those who attempt to take their lives but do not succeed.

These unhappy people are still treated in the first instance as having been completely sane when despair or depression drove them to seek death.

They are arrested, locked up in cells while waiting to be put in the dock—dealt with, in fact, as if they were criminals.

As an example of the cruelty and folly of this treatment and in the hope that the Home Secretary may be persuaded to bring about a change in the law, JOHN BULL makes known a case which has happened at Weymouth, Dorset.

Thirty-two-year-old Mr. J. W. Hole has been under constant hospital treatment since childhood for sleeping sickness.

A few days ago he tried to take his life by swallowing an overdose of atropine, but was saved by quick medical attention.

While he was recovering in hospital police went to the ward where he lay, took him into custody, and brought him straight to the police court.

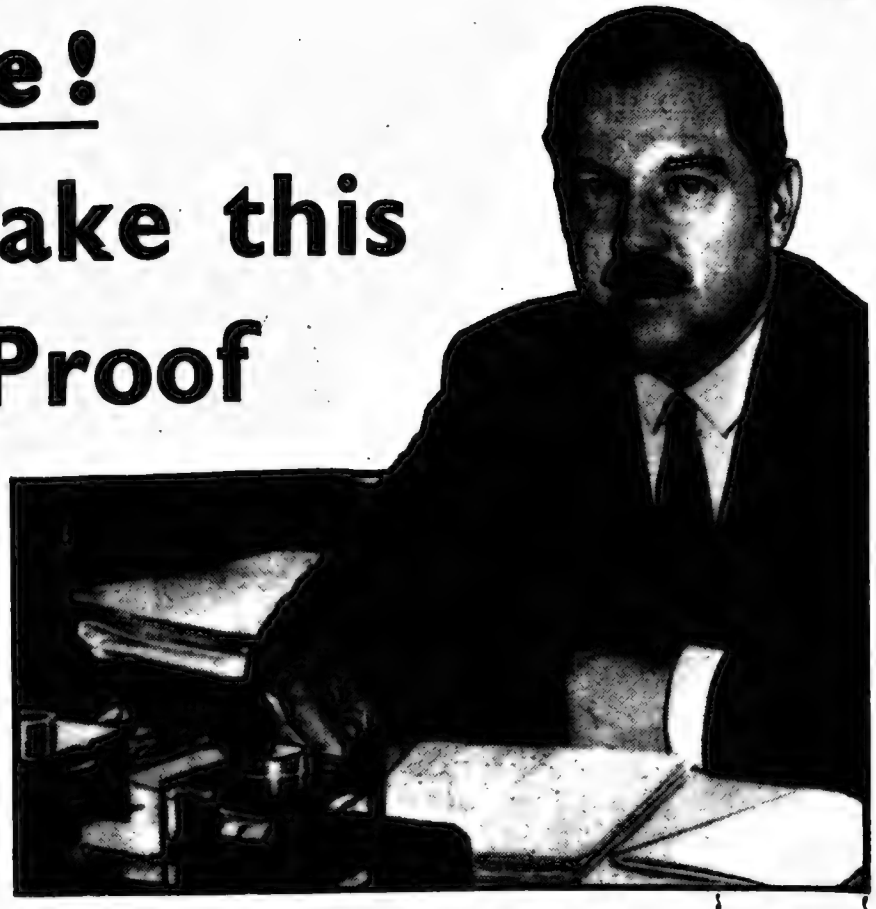
The officers knew that Hole, who feared paralysis, had previously attempted suicide.

The doctors explained that a person so seriously attacked by sleeping sickness as he was could not be held responsible for his action.

But both police and doctors were powerless. The suffering man—who has been sent back to hospital by an indignant magistrate—had to be arrested and taken to court.

That is the law.

The need for reforming and humanising it should be obvious from this sad case.



Capt. Euan Wallace, Minister of Transport. Does he know how innocent lorry-drivers are victimised

Innocent Driver Pays Penalty

MANY road accidents are caused by weary drivers of commercial vehicles. In the last stages of fatigue, after long, unbroken journeys, they lose their safety-sense, they nod at the wheel—and there is a smash.

The law has tried to protect these men and other road-users. Drivers have to keep log-books to show that they have proper rests.

But in practice a great proportion of those log-books are worthless.

Unscrupulous employers persuade their employees to fake the entries.

The chief purpose of the authorities, therefore, ought to be the detection and prosecution of those who connive at this criminal disregard of public safety. Not so.

In the main, only innocent and harmless scapegoats are being caught. For example—

Mr. C. F. Pulham, of Forest Road, Horsham, Sussex, has just been convicted and sentenced for failing to keep a record of his journeys on the road.

A carpenter by trade, he bought a small van with an engine of only eight horse-power. He has never used it for any other purpose than driving with his working kit between his home and his business. That is a mileage of not more than seven a day.

Because he did not keep—and refused to fake—a record of his daily ten-minute journeys at meal times, Mr. Pulham has been prosecuted.

What reasonable person would dream that a register was necessary in such a case?

It was useless for him to point out that the legislation was intended to deal only with drivers who may cause slaughter through overwork and exhaustion.

* * *

And here is another case to prove that, while major culprits escape, the pursuit of inoffensive drivers becomes oppressive:

For years, Mr. Joseph Price, of Cotterills Lane, Alum Rock, Birmingham, had been on the Means Test. To escape that degradation, he took a job as a lorry-driver at the same sum that he received in relief for his family of ten—48s. weekly.

He had held a clean driving licence for 24 years, but on his first day back on the road he committed a small, purely technical offence.

For that he has been fined £4 2s. And ordered to pay it at the rate of 10s. a week, or go to jail for a month.

So a family of eleven people, after rent is paid, has now to live on 22s. a week—or threepence halfpenny a day each!

Half Her Life Stolen!

THE manufacture of lunatics has become almost an industry in Britain.

Men, women and children of unchallengeable mental powers are put away in asylums without judicial authority of any kind. Often they remain behind those grim walls until they die. They are employed as drudges, but they get no wages.

Once caught in the machine, they cannot even claim the right for a verdict on their soundness of mind to be given by independent doctors.

And not even the highest courts are able to intervene.

Among all the sad cases of this kind, however, there can have been no greater social crime this century than the detention of Miss Irene O'Shea, whose mother lives at Maesglas Grove, Newport, Mon.

Miss O'Shea, now forty-three, has been a lunacy prisoner for almost half her life. She is neither insane nor mentally deficient in any way. But there is no prospect of her release.

In her early twenties, Miss O'Shea had a temporary breakdown in health. It was caused by war-strain.

At the time, she was working as a domestic servant. She had been in one post since girlhood, her character was excellent, her home circumstances were of the best, and her mental capacity beyond question.

A panel doctor's treatment for slight nervous disorder was her only need.

Unexpectedly, Miss O'Shea was visited by a deputation of voluntary social workers. They suggested that she should go for convalescence to a special hospital at Leyton, Essex.

She went willingly—only to find herself a captive in a lunacy institution!

For twenty years she lingered there. Every effort to obtain her freedom was frustrated.

Then, a few weeks ago, when the fight for her liberty had become intense, they transferred her to a convent in Bristol.

Actually, the place is another lunacy establishment.

Miss O'Shea, after twenty years' imprisonment, refuses to submit longer and has notified the authorities that she proposes to take action for wrongful detention.

Seemingly as a reprisal, they now refuse to allow her aged mother even to take her out for a few hours when she pays a visit!

HITLER through a woman's eyes!

Miss Martha Dodd. "Thwarted, Hitler has turned his wrath on a nation and the world," she says.

There have been many attempts to sum up Herr Hitler's character; but one of the most illuminating to date is that made by a young American woman, Miss Martha Dodd.*

As daughter of a United States Ambassador in Berlin, she had unique opportunities for studying Nazidom at close quarters. Her newly published book, "My Years in Germany," is a best seller. . . .

Here is what she thinks about the Fuehrer and his régime:

MARTHA DODD first met Herr Hitler informally at a Berlin café.

"He had consented to be introduced to me," she writes. "I went over and remained standing as he stood up and took my hand. He kissed it very politely and murmured a few words.

"I knew very little German at the time, so I didn't linger long. . . . He kissed my hand again, and I went back to the adjoining table.

"This first glance left me with a picture of a weak, soft face with pouches under the eyes and full lips and very little bony facial structure."

But to Miss Dodd the moustache didn't seem ridiculous as it had in pictures—in fact, she scarcely noticed it.

His eyes, she says, were startling and unforgettable—they seemed pale blue in colour, were intense, unwavering, hypnotic.

CERTAINLY they were his only distinctive feature. They could contain fury and fanaticism and cruelty; they could be mystic and tearful and challenging. . . .

"This particular afternoon he was excessively gentle and modest in his manners. Unobtrusive, communicative, informed, he had a certain quiet charm, almost a tenderness of speech and glance.

"The curious embarrassment he showed in meeting me, his somewhat apologetic, nervous manner, my father tells me—and other diplomats as well—are always present when he meets the diplomatic corps *en masse*.

"This self-consciousness has created in him a shyness and distaste for meeting people above him in station or wealth.

"As time went on, his face and bearing changed noticeably—he began to look and walk more and more like Mussolini.

"But his peculiar shy strain of character has to this day remained. . . ."

Summing up her reactions to this first meeting, Miss Dodd says: "It was hard to believe that this was one of the most powerful men in Europe.

"He seemed modest, middle-class, rather dull and self-conscious—yet with this strange tenderness and appealing helplessness. Only in the mad, burning eyes could one see the terrible future of Germany. . . ."

AFTER that informal meeting Martha Dodd saw Hitler regularly at military parades, operas, and a few social gatherings. At the Olympic Games she sat "almost under his nose" in the diplomatic box every other day.

From seeing him and talking to him in the first year, watching his picture every few days, in the newspaper and regularly on the screen, she felt she had a pretty accurate picture of him, though she was completely unprepared for the change of face and bearing at the end of four years.

So imperceptibly did the change seem to take place, she explains, that only by comparing the early photographs and the recent ones does one realise what power, and the unscrupulous and brutal wielding of it, can do to the human countenance.

"It is not an aging process, for Hitler looks no older than when he seized power.

"In place of the rather slender body, pale, soft, neurotic face, modest bearing, self-conscious social self-effacement, is a figure whose bearing is insolent and arrogant, with shoulders flung back pompously, who walks and marches as though he had made the earth under his feet.

This change in demeanour has been observed by the German nation. At one time their Fuehrer seemed to be well loved. The people even broke into spontaneous applause in the cinema when his picture was shown.

But in the last two years Miss Dodd was in Berlin the audiences watched attentively and listened carefully, but there was a tense silence when he had finished speaking or marching.

Only once or twice in all that time was there a scattered applause.

SEVERAL times the writer's mother sat very near the Fuehrer and observed that in social gatherings he was either glum and wordless or quite charming and informal.

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS HE WAS MORE THAN CORDIAL TO YOUNG MOVIE STARS WHO HOVERED AROUND HIM.

A rather sensational, sport-loving femininist had an informal lunch with him in Munich.

She said that he talked quite like a normal man for the first third of the lunch, then suddenly got off in a frenzy on a pet subject of his, and continued in a long and impassioned monologue, scarcely touching his meagre vegetable meal.

Miss Dodd has some illuminating comments to make about her impressions of the Fuehrer at the Olympic Games.

"He came almost every day during the track meets and watched day by day the marvellous performance of American athletes.

"The winner of whatever event was on usually went up to his box to be congratulated; however, when Owens or other coloured competitors from America won he was conveniently out of his box.

"One day the American flag went up at least five times, almost in succession, and, of course, everyone in the stadium was forced to rise and remain standing until the National Anthem was finished.

"Hitler saluted with arm outstretched and with a dour expression on his face. However, if a German won, his enthusiasm and good humour were boundless and he would spring to his feet with joy.

"In him, in his face and bearing, there was not the slightest indication that he knew what good sportsmanship meant, or had any appreciation or understanding of sport for its own sake."

Her final summing up of the dictator's character is as follows:

"I would say that he is one of the most fanatical and nearly insane men ruling in any country of the modern world.

"He obviously has his charming and delightful moments, though he has never been known to be either witty, brilliant or wise in his conversations.

"He came to power with a poorly concealed arson trick, backed by irresponsible gangsters whom the World War had displaced in the German social set-up, promised freedom to the working-class and prosperity to the bourgeoisie.

"All these facts are well known historically by now, but it is well to remember them as one watches betrayal after betrayal enacted to the peril of European civilisation."

IT is an idle pastime, Miss Dodd thinks, to try to distinguish between the true and false legends about Hitler's private life

She is well aware that before the Nazis seized power their enemies were rabidly on the trail for any sort of damaging evidence against him.

BUT, SHE ADDS FRANKLY AND WITTILY: "THEY FOUND NOTHING EITHER UNNATURAL, INTERESTING, OR ABNORMAL IN HIS PHYSICAL RELATIONS — EXCEPT PERHAPS THE ABNORMALITY OF FINDING NOTHING!"

She goes on to say that, in diplomatic circles, in salon gossip, there is complete bafflement about Hitler's private life. Names fly back and forth, of both men and women, but the association with his name lasts only a few days or weeks. . . .

In the Spring of 1938 the young Princess Marie of Savoy, daughter of the King of Italy, was linked in news items with Hitler.

But these rumours die from lack of proof of any type.

"People who have known him for many years say that he will never marry; it is now too late, both from his own utter lack of interest and because of the peculiar and revered position he had as a saintly bachelor."

Her theory is that, denied normal emotional outlets, Hitler, with the passionate, introverted, Catholic background which he betrayed, the thwarted mother complex, and the Jewish obsession, has turned his wrath not on himself but on a nation of people and a world at large.

And: "He will seek his Holy Grail of a Nazified Europe and a Hitlerised Nazidom if, in his fevered dreams, he must first wade through the mire, blood, and the war-inferno of a devastated Europe."

THESE are facts, according to Miss Dodd, recognised by every diplomat and student who has observed the German scene from the inside for any length of time.

And so, she says, "Europe and the world must see that an answer is given before it is too late."

Miss Dodd went to Germany with an open mind and at first was inclined to discount the rumours she heard about the Nazi régime.

BUT WITHIN A MONTH AWAKENING WAS TO COME, WHEN SHE SAW A YOUNG GERMAN GIRL BEING CRUELLY BAITED IN PUBLIC FOR HAVING CONSORTED WITH A JEW.

But in spite of disillusionment and horror, Miss Dodd still retains a deep and sincere affection for the ordinary German people.

"I loved them and still do," she writes. "Their qualities of simplicity and honesty, a sort of childlike warmth and friendliness, their discipline, adaptability and curiosity (if only these qualities could be used and directed properly) would endear them to anyone."

(* *"My Years In Germany," by Martha Dodd. Victor Gollancz. 10s. 6d. net.*)

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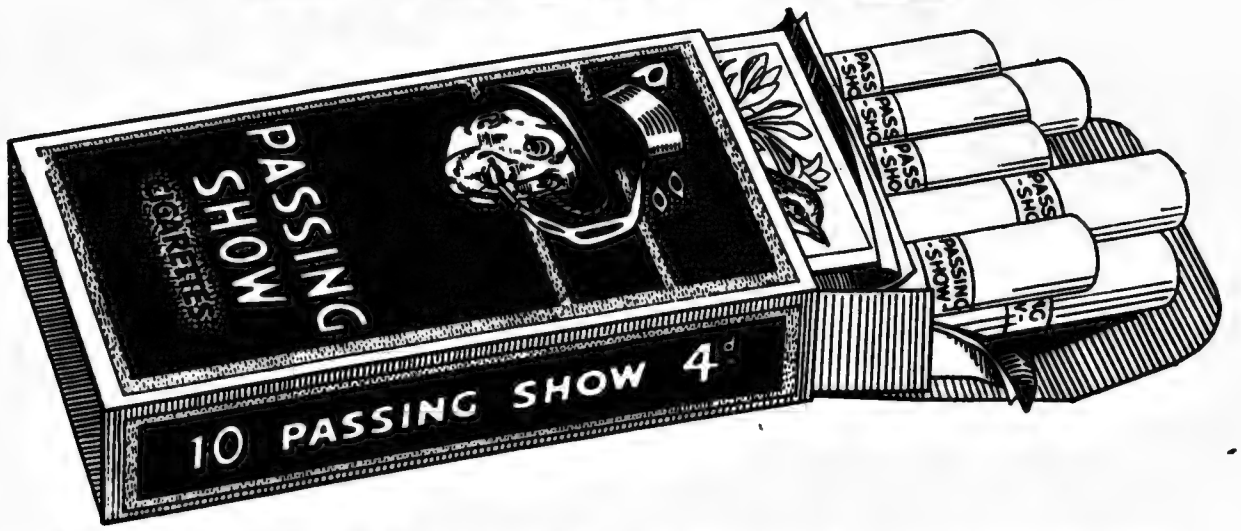

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P.S. 101

Why Not Police Court Divorce?

asks Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C.

Famous Metropolitan Magistrate

Her romance has failed, but she may be too poor to go to the Divorce Court

THERE is a popular misconception that the "Police Courts," as they are still absurdly misnamed, are mainly or entirely concerned with crime.

As a matter of fact more than half the work of these courts now consists of matters which are not really criminal at all.

Many of them are just the ordinary problems of human life, and particularly those dealing with love, marriage—and separation.

For instance, many people do not realise how vastly important is the matrimonial jurisdiction of the police court, nor the extent to which it has grown.

Every year thousands of husbands and wives come to these courts for advice and assistance in their matrimonial troubles, and in many cases the only relief the court can give them, the only remedy it can offer for a married life of intolerable misery, is a judicial separation.

YET this is often worse than useless, being neither one thing nor the other. It merely leads to the formation of irregular unions and the bringing into the world of nameless and illegitimate offspring.

It is true that a divorce can be obtained in the High Court or at the Assizes under the Poor Persons Rules.

And Mr. A. P. Herbert's recent efforts in the cause of divorce reform have eased the position to some extent, by allowing certain preliminary evidence to be given in the police court.

But the fact still remains that divorce is very largely the privilege of the well-to-do, and that justice is denied to persons in a humble rank of life, because it is entirely beyond their means.

In theory the law knows no distinction of persons and is open to all.

"Yes," sarcastically commented the late Lord Darling. "Just like the Ritz Hotel."

In other words, law is expensive, and for those who have not much money generally quite prohibitive.

The police courts have been aptly described as "the poor man's court of justice," but there are one or two urgent reforms required if they are to fulfil that function.

The problem of legal separations has become an immense one in recent years. According to the last official figures, there were more than 15,000 in a single year, three or four times as many as were handled in the Divorce Court.

HERE is the procedure: A woman comes to the court and can obtain a separation from her husband, which, like a divorce, will last for life provided she does not resume cohabitation with him.

She may get it because he has wilfully failed to provide her with reasonable maintenance, or for desertion, which means that he has left her with no intention of returning, or for cruelty, which may be either physical or mental, but must have been persisted in over a period of time.

By the recent amendment of the divorce law she may also now get it for matrimonial misconduct.

In all these cases, if an order is made there is a direction that the husband is to contribute a weekly sum, unfortunately limited to forty shillings, towards her support.

If he fails to do so, he can be brought before the court and perhaps sent to prison. In 1937 some two thousand husbands were so punished for failing to keep up their payments to their wives.

You see how appalling is the problem? In the whole range of a magistrate's duties nothing is more troublesome and perplexing.

Before matters are allowed to go to such lengths, however, even before any decision is pronounced by the court, every effort is made to bring the parties together.

Attached to each Metropolitan Court, and to most of those in the country districts as well, are a number of court missionaries.

Owing to the tact, sympathy and understanding of this gallant band of men and women, it has been found possible to effect a reconciliation in more than half the cases before the courts.

As a result of some sound advice, and occasionally a little material assistance, the parties decide to let bygones be bygones and make a fresh start.

But there still remain very many cases in which it is obvious from the beginning that such efforts would be useless, and the magistrate has to take matters into his own hands.

To do so effectively he must possess a knowledge of human nature, a broad and tolerant outlook on life and an impartiality of judgment which are not given to everyone.

To begin with, he has to remember that the parties are not criminals, but for the most part decent citizens who have made a sad mess of their married lives.

More often than not it is very difficult at first to persuade them to see any other point of view but their own.

They come to court fully satisfied that they are in the right, and that so far from being to blame in any way for what has happened, they have behaved with the utmost patience, magnanimity and toleration in face of almost unbearable provocation.

In such circumstances, if justice is to be made manifest, a magistrate has to move warily. Above all, he must not appear to take sides.

Many of these cases are extremely pathetic. What is one to do, for instance, with a man who has tried for several years to maintain himself, his wife and a growing family of young children on the meagre pittance of the dole, before giving it up as a bad job and leaving them?

It is true that sometimes it is his own fault and that laziness and improvidence are the roots of the trouble, but that does not make the problem any easier to solve.

Occasionally a little humour creeps in.

I had before me a somewhat flashily dressed young man who had neglected to provide maintenance for his wife and child.

"I ain't got the money" was his terse reply when invited to give an explanation of his conduct.

"But," I said, "you seem to have money to dress yourself on. Why do you neglect your family?"

"Lor, gov'nor," he exclaimed, "I can't go about naked, can I?"

In another case a wife applied for a separation on the ground of persistent cruelty.

SHE had frequently been assaulted in the most brutal fashion and the husband was a thorough-paced ruffian.

At the hearing, however, with a sudden feeling of feminine magnanimity, she turned to the Bench and said, "I don't want to go on with this. He has treated me badly, but I'll leave it to the Almighty to punish him."

"Oh, no," said the magistrate, thoroughly shocked at the evidence already given. "You can't do that. This is much too serious a case."

But let us consider those cases in which the marriage, for all intents and purposes, is definitely at an end.

The husband, it may be, has deserted his wife and actually set up house with another woman. The wife perhaps has a chance of doing likewise, and it would obviously be in the interests of both parties that there should be a divorce.

Yet because they have not sufficient money this is practically impossible to obtain. What, then, is the remedy?

Not long ago the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, himself suggested that a divorce should be obtainable in the police court.

ALTHOUGH at first glance the idea may seem somewhat startling, what are the objections?

Is it suggested that stipendiary magistrates are not qualified or competent to decide such grave matters?

Or is it that stipendiary magistrates are already so burdened with work that they could not give to such cases the time and attention which their importance demands?

If this is the difficulty, the obvious solution is to appoint more magistrates.

If it is argued that the provision of increased facilities for the poor would tend to make divorce too easy and be an additional incentive to immorality, one can only reply that the same objection has been raised against every amelioration of the divorce law and has proved to be entirely mistaken.

In any event, nothing could be worse than the present state of affairs.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the morality of divorce and its effect on the social life of the community, it is grossly unfair that poorer people should be debarred from taking advantage of the law as it exists, simply because they are too poor.

He no longer loves his wife. Why should legal costs compel him to keep up a marriage mockery?

Silence for his Worship!

—4—

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BUY your house through the Prudential. Every reader of *John Bull* interested in buying a house should not fail to get full details of the Prudential plan, which provides a combination of life assurance and for the advance up to 80 per cent. of the value of the house. You will not have to pay rent and your premium payments can be spread over 15 or 20 years. In the event of your death, the house would be freed from mortgage.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd., Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1, for full particulars.

They All Love Lansbury

WHO can explain the miracle of George Lansbury—"G. L." to so many?

The only ex-Cabinet Minister returned to Parliament on the Labour side in the 1931 crisis, he so bravely led a small and tattered army that, although mocked at in the early days by the overwhelming majority, he soon won the deep respect of the House.

Then came his accident, which kept him in bed for months, and, not long after, his resignation as Leader of the Opposition.

More and more, he said, he was being forced to make a stand on Peace. Never again could he sit in a Government which had to vote money for arms.

The Labour Party Conference at Brighton turned him down when he sought to explain. He went out into the wilderness—mocked at this time by many who had been his followers.

It was a bitter debate—and, when it was over, even more bitter things were said. They split old friendships. They left a nasty taste.

I met, two days after it, a trade union leader who could scarcely control himself even then.

"When I see a martyr or a saint," he said, "I see a humbug."

HE had forgotten, in his anger, Lansbury's life of self-sacrificing work for his fellows.

To-day Lansbury fills the place left vacant by Dick Sheppard's passing.

He is head of the Peace Pledge Union, which, even in these hours of test, numbers no fewer than 125,000 members! They have all signed the words, "I renounce war and I will never support or sanction another."

"G. L." their chief missioner, goes out every week-end, addressing vast gatherings. Some attend because they agree with him, and others because of his personal popularity.

He is old. He is lame. Often he is very tired. But he goes on, as valiantly as any soldier.

I am not a Pacifist. I cannot see the logic of a non-resistance which would hand down to Posterity the need for new martyrdoms—more Tolpuddles, more Smithfields and Tyburns, more Star Chambers.

If I object to Hitlerism, I argue, I should do my best to keep it out of England. I cannot imagine the Nazarene, who is said to have driven the money-changers out of the Temple, saying to Nazi invaders, "Come in, if you insist. I will not interfere."

A Pacifist friend who found himself in Barcelona when the Fascist revolt began, and who saw boys going to fight in defence of their freedom—with broomsticks—said, "I knew, when I saw them, that if I were a Spaniard I should be marching by their side."

LANSBURY knows my views about this, for I have told him. We are not, over the question of arms, on the same side. I still believe in collective security, an international police force, a Geneva backed by strength.

But I can differ from Lansbury and still love him. I know his sincerity. I applaud his long stand for social righteousness.

He is not the impractical visionary some people think. His much-attacked "Poplarism" made the Government act.

He was the finest First Commissioner of Works that Whitehall has ever known. The Civil Service tried to stop him at first; but he wore it down.

"You only tell me what I can't do," he said. "Go away and find out what can be done."

He gave the kiddies their Lido in Hyde Park, which he sought to turn into a real playground. He spread the Merrie England idea around the parks.

"G. L."—as George Whitelaw sees him

Then, though many laughed, "G. L." began, very late in life, his long pilgrimage of Europe's capitals. He bearded the dictators in their dens. He saw all the men who lead international policy.

Anyway, it was quite as successful as Munich, which the world once applauded. . . .

Right or wrong, wise or foolish, popular or derided, Lansbury will go on to the end.

What is his secret? He has told me, in spoken words. He has written it down for me in letters.

His secret is his humility of mind. His secret is his courage of thought.

He is a practical Christian, not a narrow doctrinaire; for Lansbury has studied many religions and can see good in all of them. He seeks to make his faith a living practice.

"I scarcely slept last night," he said to me the day that he, Morrison, Cripps and I were the four speakers at the great miners' gala on Durham racecourse—a crowd of 100,000 colliers, and as many more women and children.

"I am fearfully conscious of my own responsibility," he said to me that day. "This great army, properly fed, is a power for infinite good. I think of my own unworthiness. I fear that my message shall not be worthy of our Cause."

You may not know the strain of constant propaganda, much of it unrewarded, much of it unpopular. Where does Lansbury get strength with which to carry on?

I wrote him, the other January, just after the midnight bells had rung. I sent the note along so that he would find a word of cheer on his New Year breakfast table.

After all, we share many views in common—and I have myself often turned to "G. L." for inspiration.

"In ways unexplainable," he at once wrote me, in reply, "help for body, soul and spirit does come to me, for which I am ever thankful.

"My prayers are at all times for knowledge, wisdom and understanding such as would enable me to keep the Faith.

"I very often fail when the tide runs strong against me. Your note, and the good thoughts of many others, help me to know our Father is with us and will be with us to the end, and, because He knows our struggles, our failures and all our thoughts, He will understand as no one else can.

"THESE are a lot of words which just mean I thank you, and am resting my life and work very humbly, but in a very real way, on the Love of God—Love that is universal and will some day cover the whole family of man as the waters cover the sea."

I hope Lansbury will not mind my quoting that. He does not like parading himself—but that note explains.

I may not agree with Lansbury's pacifism; but I do not laugh at it.

It may be unpractical. It may not work out. It may be an ideal far beyond present accomplishment.

But, if you lose sight of an ideal, however impossible it may be to realise it at present, you will never achieve anything.

"All of us are lying in the gutter," wrote Oscar Wilde. "But some of us are looking at the stars."

Sometimes in this strange age people climb towards the stars only that they can drop bombs on defenceless towns, destroy helpless women and children, and lay cities into ruin. . . .

Some may mock at Lansbury. But I have travelled with him on tour, shared his platform, been with him among the masses.

They love him, right or wrong. They wait for him, in the street, after a meeting. They shake his hand excitedly. They call him "George" and "G. L."

They regard him as being what he really is—a big brother to all the world.

He hates nothing but cruelty and injustice. He can see good in almost anybody.

That, I suppose, is why we see good in him.

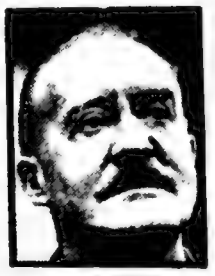
Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

Greatest of These

"UNLESS I can get work there is no prospect before me but the shelter of an Institution," writes Mr. Edwin Russell, of Canterbury, an Ex-service man of sixty-one.

He has no dole, no pension, and the Public Assistance Committee has refused to help him.

"I have tried for National Defence work, but have been told that I am over age. Nobody seems to want me. How can a man keep his soul when he has to live like a hungry wolf?"



Edwin Russell.

Six months ago Edwin Russell was a car park attendant, authorised by the City Council, but the park closed. And since then he has looked in vain for a job.

He holds three medals for his services in the Great War. A local doctor certifies the truth of his sad story, and we earnestly appeal to our readers to help him.

Donations should be earmarked "Three Medals," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

* * *

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Acknowledgments are sent, where names and addresses are given.

Holocaust of the Roads

THE Select Committee of the House of Lords speaks of "the holocaust of the roads" in its recent Report on the Prevention of Road Accidents.

We have become so used to this holocaust just as we did to the dreadful casualty lists that were published during the war, that we are hardened or resigned, or whatever it is.

It would be good sense to be resigned if we could do nothing about it. But that does not happen to be true.

We can prevent or avoid very many of these accidents if we set about it in a suitable, methodical way.

If we leave out bad figures, and express the case in a simple way, it amount to this :

IF THE ACCIDENTS ON OUR ROADS WERE SPREAD EVENLY ROUND THE CLOCK, IT WOULD MEAN THAT, ALL THE YEAR ROUND, NIGHT AND DAY, SOMEONE IS EITHER KILLED OR INJURED ON OUR ROADS EVERY THREE MINUTES.

AND EVERY THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM JANUARY TO THE END OF DECEMBER THE VICTIM IS A CHILD OF SEVEN OR UNDER.

A statement like that is surely enough to make us ask ourselves if we are doing all we can to prevent this wholesale maiming or slaughter.

And the position gets no better. Last week it was announced that in April 513 people were killed and 18,079 injured.

The first obvious fact that emerges from the Report is :

Seven disinterested, intelligent men sat down to enquire into the case to find out what we were doing about it and what more we could do.

They sat for more than a year and examined official witnesses, expert witnesses, and many others who were in a position to know the facts in one way or another.

Ministry Says . . .

In the end they produced a report containing a large number of recommendations, every one of which they were satisfied in greater or less degree would contribute to diminishing the evil.

Speaking for myself, as one of them, I think it is true to say that the farther we went the more we were convinced that we could do a lot more than we were doing.

And many of our recommendations would be neither very difficult nor very costly to carry out, and ought to have been adopted long since.

Certainly the expense would be small compared with the £24,000,000 for Road Fund grants announced a week ago.

Now, if seven men seriously tackling the subject in this way could come unanimously to these conclusions the question at once arises: What in the world has the Ministry of Transport been doing all this time?

By LORD ADDISON

—who was in the Select Committee of the House of Lords investigating the Prevention of Road Accidents. He analyses its report—just published.

The attitude of the Ministry seemed to amount to this :

Nine out of ten of the accidents are due to human error or thoughtlessness in some form.

Little more than one in a hundred, according to their statistics, was due to road defects.

And little more than one in five of the fatal accidents attributable to drivers of cars was due to excessive speed. Therefore people really must learn to be more careful.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE ABJECT, MORE HELPLESS, AND MORE UNINTELLIGENT THAN THAT ATTITUDE.

Useful initiative seems regularly to have come from someone else.

The first obvious thing about accidents, one would have thought, would have been to have some sort of system that would provide information as to when and where they occurred.

Then an endeavour should be made to find out what circumstances contributed to their occurrence, and so forth, so that if possible one might do something to prevent their recurrence.

The police, of course, have information about accidents.

Their reports may show that accidents are specially frequent in some places, and that this or that circumstance contributes to their occurrence.

In that case it is reasonable to expect that there should be some sort of concerted arrangements whereby the defect can be remedied as soon as possible.

But it is not so at all.

There is a room in New Scotland Yard wherein every accident that occurs in the Metropolitan Police area is shown on large maps.

They give one a creepy feeling even to look at. You can see the places where the accidents crowd together, in some places mostly to pedestrians, in others to cyclists, and so on.

Heart-Breaking

All sorts of obvious suggestions for increased safety emerge in many places. But, under present conditions, it is a heart-breaking business putting forward suggestions.

They go first to this authority and then to that — even the simplest may be handed about from one to another for months on end, or even longer, and then nothing be done about it.

It might be quite easy, for example, in many places, both in London and the Provinces, to indicate "ways out" or "ways through" for cyclists that are safer than the main streets.

Waiting places for cars on one side of the street only, and, for the convenience of shopkeepers, on alternate sides on different days, might generally be arranged instead of here and there as at present.

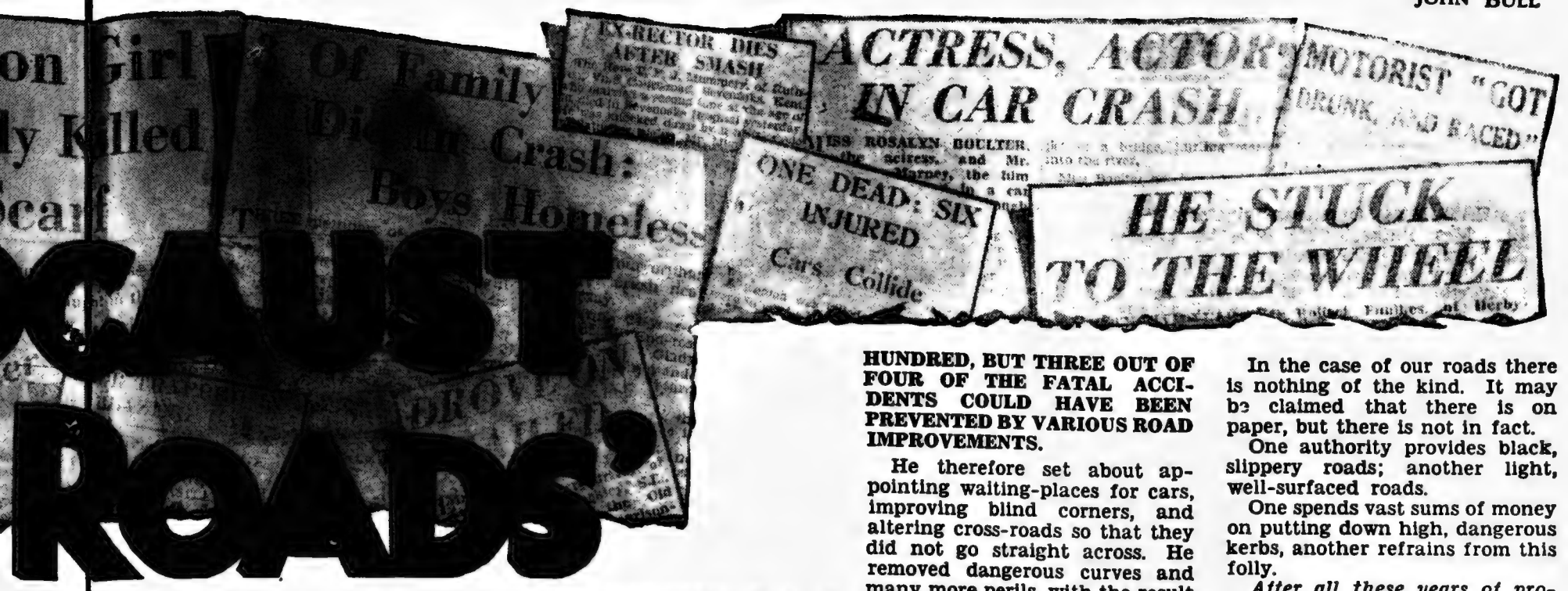
Nobody's Business

Guard rails might be extended in many places, signal-lights might be made more visible to pedestrians.

A host of other suggestions relating to crossing-places and many more sometimes quite trivial in themselves might be used, but all contributing to increased safety in especially dangerous places.

BUT IT IS NOBODY'S BUSINESS TO SEE TO THESE THINGS

Another crash. Could it have been prevented? Transport says only about one accident in ten is due to road defects, but Lord Addison attacks the



l it have been prevented? The Ministry of out one accident in a hundred is due to road lison attacks the Department's complacency

IN ANY CONSIDERED WAY, OR TO GET THINGS DONE.

Having promoted an entirely unworkable subdivision of responsibility, the Ministry of Transport seems to sit above it all with serene, if melancholy, composure, interrupted now and then by an outburst of lamentation.

It came out in evidence that the Ministry is only served by eight special officers concerned with reporting accidents for the whole 180,000 miles of our roads.

Grim Facts

But they hasten to explain that these men were only concerned with the trunk roads—about one-tenth of the whole.

And that, except for what they learnt from police and other reports, they had no special knowledge about accidents on the rest of the roads.

They seemed perfectly satisfied with this arrangement.

It was with these grim facts before them that the Committee recommended the establishment of a Road Safety Research Board.

The constant business of this Board would be to keep in touch with the circumstances of accidents generally.

Information would be collected from the Ministry, police and local authorities.

And the aim would be the constant promotion of measures designed to increase safety on the roads.

Blame Highways

Two simple illustrations may be given of the kind of thing that might be done.

The Road Surveyor for the County of Oxford was not satisfied (as the Select Committee was not) with the contention of the Ministry that road defects in the general sense were only responsible for little more than 1 per cent. of accidents.

For a whole year he had a careful record made of all accidents in the county and of their attendant circumstances.

THE CONCLUSION HE CAME TO WAS THAT NOT ONE IN A HUNDRED, BUT THREE OUT OF FOUR OF THE FATAL ACCIDENTS COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED BY VARIOUS ROAD IMPROVEMENTS.

He therefore set about appointing waiting-places for cars, improving blind corners, and altering cross-roads so that they did not go straight across. He removed dangerous curves and many more perils, with the result that a great reduction in casualties was secured.

It is not enough to say that if only people would look out and be careful fewer accidents would occur.

That is perfectly true, of course, but it is no reason why we should fail to do what we can to diminish the opportunities for human error.

A careful person, for instance, can go up and down an open staircase quite safely, but for all that it is sensible to have a banister.

Remember that out of the 77,728 pedestrians who were killed or injured in 1936-7 more than 69,000 were in built-up areas.

So that it is in these places particularly where the Committee's suggestions for increased safety are most needed and where indeed many of them could readily be applied.

Friendliness

Another different instance was presented in Lancashire, where the Chief Constable, in concert with Earl Cottenham, established a system of trained police patrols.

They had no mercy on the "road hog"; but their chief business was not to prosecute people.

Instead, they established friendly relations with all road users, motorists, cyclists and pedestrians, and by careful guidance and advice promoted safer travelling.

IT HAS BEEN COSTLY BUT WELL WORTH WHILE. IT REDUCED THE CASUALTIES IN LANCASHIRE BY 46 PER CENT. WHILE THOSE IN THE REST OF THE COUNTRY FELL ONLY BY 5 PER CENT.

This case, however, as well as the Oxfordshire case, only illustrates the extraordinary position we are in.

The Board of Education makes grants for education just as the Ministry of Transport does for roads, but it prescribes the standard of education, the character of the schools, the standards and pay of teachers, and so on.

In the case of our roads there is nothing of the kind. It may be claimed that there is on paper, but there is not in fact.

One authority provides black, slippery roads; another light, well-surfaced roads.

One spends vast sums of money on putting down high, dangerous kerbs, another refrains from this folly.

After all these years of prodigious expenditure there are only forty-five miles of decent cycle tracks in all the hundred and eighty thousand miles of road.

There is, in fact, no coherent direction of policy of any effective kind whatsoever. And all the time fresh cars are being added to the stream of traffic at the rate of a thousand a day.

Good Will Exists

One service that would indirectly yield perhaps the most fruitful results of all does not exist.

That is an extensive, well-ordered and sensible campaign of education of all classes of road users.

From first to last witnesses urged the need of this. There are outbreaks now and then and various societies do their best.

But there is no sustained, well-directed effort.

A mere fraction of the money and ingenuity devoted to some other forms of propaganda would soon save multitudes of our fellow-citizens from death or injury.

There is abundance of good will ready to be mobilised.

But it is nobody's business at present to arrange for it.

Half-Hearted

FOR THESE REASONS THE COMMITTEE URGE THAT A DEPARTMENT OF ROAD SAFETY PROPAGANDA SHOULD BE CREATED.

There is urgent need of it in many directions, but most of all perhaps in seeing that effect is given to the excellent recommendations already made in two official Reports on Road Safety amongst School Children.

Up to the present these have only received a half-hearted recognition.

As the Committee suggested, for the most part these Reports, as well as others, have been relegated to Departmental pigeonholes.

And it recognises that its own Report will share the same fate unless public opinion refuses any longer to be content with brainless complacency.

Another Mrs. Fluke story

by B. L. JACOT

"There the girl was crying 'er 'eart out in 'er sister's room, white as a sheet"

Romance at No. 9

"THAT Miss Spenlowe upstairs!" exclaimed Mrs. Fluke. "I'd give 'er glasses of 'ot water before meals!"

"Yes'm," Annie offered.

"Settin' 'erself up to be an old maid at 'er age! Crossed in love, she'd 'ave you believe, but I've no patience with folks as don't act natchral.

"I've arf a mind to give 'er notice, and that *is* a fact! Did I ever tell you, dear, about a Miss Starforth as I 'ad once in the second front?"

"No'm," Annie said.

Well (recalled the landlady), there was one you'd say was born to be an old maid. About twenty-eight and that sweet-natchered! But young men nowadays can't see no further than a pretty face with a lot o' lipstick and 'igh 'eels.

A man never knows wot it feels like to see your birthdays coming round year after year, and each one with less chance of findin' a man somewheres.

This Miss Starforth was a clever girl, in the Civil Service. Five year she was with me at No. 9, in all, spendin' her evenin's quiet-like by 'erself in 'er room. An' comfortable she'd made it, what with 'er own bits o' furniture she'd bought, and flowers and such. And 'er books.

She never was a one to say much, bein' shy. She 'ad to wear glasses, too, poor girl, but with all her neat old-maidish tricks she was the sort that would be eatin' 'er 'eart out for a good man to make an 'ome with.

An', believe me, that sort is the last as would look at a man to let 'im know it.

Well, it was a long time before I got to know 'er history It's like that with lonely folks She'd 'ad trouble in 'er family. The father went orf, leavin' the mother with 'er and 'er young sister, who was a baby then An' soon after that the mother dies and an old aunt at Portsmouth gave the two of 'em an 'ome.

She was eight years older than the sister, and she must 'a been a mother to 'er by all accounts. Anyone could tell the pair of 'em wasn't very 'appy with the old aunt, but when Miss Starforth was tellin' you about that little sister of hers 'er face would light up.

She thought the world of 'er. Nothin' wasn't too good for Mona. It was just as if she was 'er own baby!

ALL the time she was with me you'd 'ardly 'a known Miss Starforth was in the 'ouse, she was that quiet and reserved, but I used to go up and talk to 'er, an' it was mostly about Mona, and what she was doin' at school, and what she was goin' to do when she left school, and so on.

She was payin' for the schoolin' out of 'er own salary, and it wasn't the same school she went to, but one that cost a good bit, because, what with the clothes and things she bought for 'er sister as well, she never 'ad much money to gad about with—even if she'd 'a wanted to.

She claimed the girl was the prettiest thing, and I seen the photographs. She was pretty, all right. A sweet little thing. Elsie 'erself might 'a been good lookin', but she just missed it.

She always managed to look sweet and fresh, if you know what I mean, though. Maybe it was 'er skin. Anyway, one evenin 'a young gent called at the front door an' 'e'd got that look like they all 'ave when I spoke to 'im. Like as if they don't know what to do with their 'ats and so on. 'E'd called to fetch Elsie out!

I found out arterwards the two of 'em went to a music concert up West or somewheres, and next week that feller was round again. Soon 'e was callin' regular.

NOT that 'e was much to look at. 'E'd got wrists like door knobs an' 'is ears stuck out, but that sort will make as good an 'usband as the next, I dare say.

You should 'a seen the difference it made with Elsie. She looked years younger. You could tell she was hopin' that it 'ad happened at last—just when she'd decided it never would now. "I 'ope 'e's serious," I told her straight. "'E looks a steady young fellow, though."

"'E's got a job at the orsepital," Elsie said. "'E's just a friend, Mrs. Fluke."

She didn't like to talk about it. But as time went on anyone could 'a told that that young fellow was in love with 'er. 'E'd call most nights 'e could get away from the orsepital, where 'e must 'a been in the dispensary or somewhere, and the two o' them would walk in the park, or just sit on the benches, sayin' nothing.

I couldn't help noticin' times I took a stroll that way myself just to see 'ow things were progressin'. Funny way o' courtin', but they was both that shy. If anyone'd arsked me, I know what I'd 'a said.

An' I can't think of a weddin' as'd 'a given me more pleasure.

When she came down, all excited, to arsk me if I had a room to spare, I natchrally thought it was for Enery, 'er intended. But 'er sister was coming to London to take lessons in a dramatic school round Tottenham Court Road way and launch out on the career she 'ad chosen.

"I thought Mona could have an attic room," she says.

I knew what she meant. It was the money. Elsie would be keeping them both and paying for this dramatic school, too.

I let 'er 'ave the attic room and fixed it up nice for 'er, and when the girl arrived I took a shine to 'er immediate. She was a beauty!

Arter one night in the attic the two sisters changed rooms. It seemed Mona couldn't sleep under the roof and 'ad laid awake 'arf the night.

"SHE'S always been a sensitive child," Elsie tells me. "'Er name is Gladys, really, but first she took to spelling it Gwladis, then gave it up altogether and took the name Mona. It suits 'er better," she says, "so don't call 'er Gladys, Mrs. Fluke, by mistake. She don't like it."

Well, I never wouldn't 'ave called her Gladys anyways. I used to talk to 'er quite a bit in the mornings. She didn't 'ave to get up to go to this actresses' school until round about ten o'clock and she was last in the house for breakfast.

"Elsie was ironing up to late last night," I told her. "Why don't you fill in a bit o' time in the mornings ironing your own things, and give the both o' you more time to enjoy yourselves at night?

"Larst night Elsie kept 'er young man waitin' while she finished that frock o' yours."

She was pretty as paint; you couldn't 'elp liking 'er. She smiled about Elsie's young man. I expect 'e would look old to 'er bein' just short o' thirty, and 'e was poor as a church mouse—pouring medicine into bottles not payin' much, so I've been told.

"Elsie would never let me touch a thing!" she said.

"You could try," I said. But she never did.

That Miss Starforth worshipped 'er. Washed 'er stockings, came down to make 'er a cup o' tea in the mornings, made underclothes for 'er.

(*Continued on page 24.*)

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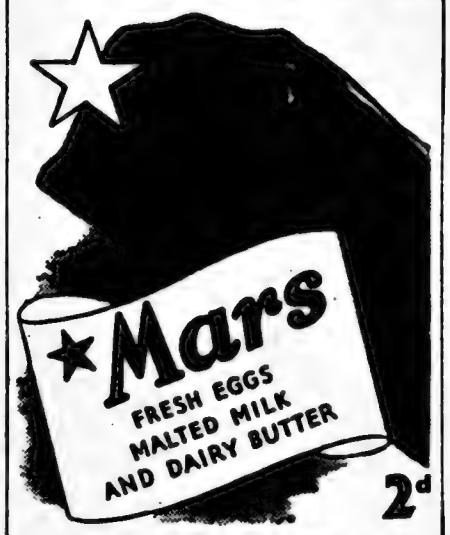

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Shave it clean off—*and* your beard. After-shave comfort's simply grand!

COLGATE *Brushless* SHAVE CREAM

Romance at No. 9

continued from page 22

Why—she bought 'erself a new evening gown to go out with that 'Enery, and the next thing I knew Mona was wearin' it to go out with a young man she'd met at the school of actresses, and I 'ave to admit it suited 'er much better.

Only I 'appen to know it cost Miss Starforth a lot o' money—more than she'd ever spent on 'erself before.

"I'm so 'appy about Sis and that man," Mona tells me. "Marriage will mean a lot to 'er."

"An wot about you?" I arsks her, smiling.

"Oh," she says, "I've got my career. Art must come first with me."

Well, 'ere's a funny thing. This young man as she took 'er sister's dress to go out with, 'e was from the orsepital where 'Enery worked. 'Is name was Mr. Saunders, and a rackety young feller 'e was—even for a medical student.

I should know. I've 'ad enough of them in this 'ouse! Anyhow, we 'eard 'Enery wasn't no pill roller in the dispensary, but an 'ouse surgeon and very 'ighly thought of. This Mr. Saunders was one of 'is pupils at the orsepital and 'e said as some 'orsepital in New Zealand was anxious to 'ave this 'Enery out there at *their* orsepital at £2,000 a year!

"Money don't seem everything to a doctor," 'e says to me, when I put it to 'im straight. "A good doctor don't start earning money until 'e's about thirty-five. 'E gives 'is time to the orsepital. I don't like that man Saunders. I don't think you should 'ave 'im in your 'ouse."

An 'int like that from a man like 'im was enough for me, and besides I found out elsewhere this Saunders was no good. Trouble with 'is landlady's daughter—and not the first time.

WELL, to come up to the tragedy. I've told you what a pretty face can do to a young fellow, and Elsie had a big handicap, bigger than wot she could carry, it turned out, with those glasses and all.

A man as could earn £2,000 a year and won't must 'ave looked pretty wonderful to Mona. From the day she 'eard of this she didn't see so much of Mr. Saunders. She didn't throw 'erself at her sister's young man, but she couldn't 'elp bein' around when 'e was calling.

I soon saw the way it was going'. First, the three of them would go out dancing together. Elsie couldn't dance. Then, when Elsie was at work, 'e would call round, and after talkin' for a while would take the sister out. This got to 'appening more and more. I took it up with Elsie.

"If Mona is 'appy with 'im," she said, "I'm glad."

It was all I could do not to spank 'er. It was all I could do, too, not to 'ave a word with Miss Mona, wot you mustn't call Gladys but something 'appened that I thought settled it.

ELSIE tapped on my door—must 'a been at three in the morning—and asked me to come down to Mona. There the girl was crying 'er 'eart out in 'er sister's room, white as a sheet.

She'd been out in a car with a man and the pair of them 'ad got drunk—not to put too nice a word on it—parking the car out in the country in a quiet road for love-makin'.

On the way 'ome, about an hour gone, this fellow, bein' drunk, 'ad knocked down a cyclist. It 'ad sobered 'im up enough to tell the girl that the car wasn't taxed, and that 'e'd taken it out of a friend's garage without the friend knowin' 'e 'ad it.

Mona 'ad left 'im quick, not wantin' to wait for the police, and run 'ome. An' there she was sayin' she was goin' to prison, and wished she was dead, and so on.

"You won't go to prison," I said. "Stop this noise. You're upsetting your sister!"

"They'll find out I was there. I'll 'ave to appear at the trial!" she moans. "I promised 'Enery I wouldn't ever see that man again! And now 'e's sure to read it in the papers."

"See 'o?" I asks 'er.

"Roger," she whispers. "Mr. Saunders." She looks straight at 'er sister, eyes bright as steel.

"Henry asked me to marry him last week, and I gave him my faithful promise I wouldn't see Roger again."

"Oh . . . Mona!" was all that girl said, but 'er eyes got soft and motherly.

"She won't 'ave to say nothing," I told them. "'O knows she was mixed up in it?" I didn't like the way Elsie was lookin' at 'er sister.

"A MAN 'elped us pick the cyclist up," the girl sobbed. "Oh, why did this 'ave to 'appen to me?"

You should know, I thought o' tellin' 'er. 'Enery won't 'ave nothing to do with you, now, and your sister'll get 'im back. "I'll kill myself!" the girl was shouting. "I will! I *will*!"

"Listen, darling!" I hear Elsie begin to say. "You love Henry. I know what he must mean to you. 'E loves you. I'll tell 'im I was out in the car ——."

"You'll do no such thing!" I says. I says: "Elsie, it's not right for you to lie and protect your sister like this. You've got to think of yourself."

But when she looked up at me 'er eyes were cold. "This is no business of yours!" she says, quiet.

Well, that Miss Starforth told 'Enery that she was with Mr. Saunders, and she fixed it with Mr. Saunders what to tell the police, and they told them the pack o' lies together.

Elsie went to court when the case came up, and we none of us knew wot was goin' to 'appen to them. Luckily, Mr. Saunders's father was a rich man, and the lawyers fixed it up between 'em.

The boy got 'is licence suspended and a fine which 'is Dad paid for 'im, and the cyclist, 'o wasn't 'urt so bad as it seemed, got a nice cheque on the quiet to keep 'is mouth shut. So everything was all right.

Excep' for Elsie. I could see wot 'urt 'er most was wot 'Enery would be thinking of 'er. 'Er name 'ad been in the papers, o' course, the Press bein' free, and just 'ow she stood with the Civil Service she never told us.

When 'Enery came to the 'ouse to take her sister out, she kep' out o' the way. Arter she told 'im she'd been out with Mr. Saunders she never spoke to 'im again.

Mussabin about a week later there was talk of 'im and Mona getting married straight orf.

I stopped 'Enery in the 'all. "Doctor MacRae," I says—which was 'is name. "Pardon me stoppin' you to speak with you," I says, "but I wanted you to know," I says, "that that young medical never set foot in this 'ouse after what you told me about 'im."

I says: "It was no fault of mine this 'appened. For you can't be too careful 'o's in and out of the 'ouse when a young lady's engaged to be married like you and Mona, as she told us the night it 'appened," I says.

"She told you that?" he asks me, lookin' at me quick. Then he says. "Oh! I didn't know it was general knowledge!"

Mrs. Fluke shook her head. "'E was a decent young feller. You didn't have to tell 'im anything twice. It was three days before I saw 'im again."

"YS'M," said Annie.

"'E came down to my kitchen expressly to see me, an' 'Mrs. Fluke,' 'e says, 'I've accepted that job in New Zealand, and we're getting married as soon as the law allows and goin' out together.'"

"Meanin'," I says to 'im, "you and Elsie?"

"'Meanin' me and Elsie. As you guessed, Mrs. Fluke, there was a little misunderstanding. I hadn't asked Mona to marry me. I've been a blind fool, Mrs. Fluke,' 'e says, 'but the remark you accidentally let fall opened my eyes. An' I got the truth out of Saunders. Thank you, Mrs. Fluke,' 'e says. 'I shall never forget it.' Would you believe it?"

"No'm," Annie said.

"An' the pair of them never has forgot, neither! I get a card from New Zealand every year on my birthday. That Miss Spenlowe wantin' to be an old maid! I'll give 'er 'er notice one of these days, Annie. You see if I don't!"

"Yes'm," said Annie.

The Human Machine

No Pedestals, Please!

THE more a man knows, the less certain he is of his knowledge: for the more a man knows, the more he realises two things—the immensity of sheer fact that still remains unknown and the extraordinary ease with which the human mind can make mistakes.

It is never the wise and knowledgeable man who stands on a pedestal and proclaims himself omniscient and infallible.

It is only the fool who does that, for only a fool could fail to realise what a dangerous foothold a pedestal affords. It's so easy to be knocked off!

Knowledge is not an absolute thing. It never has been. The great "truths" of one generation are the fallacies of the next. Truth is difficult to find, and still more difficult to establish.

It is a building that is for ever in course of construction. None of us, not even the cleverest, can do more than add an occasional brick to the building: and none of us can do more than wait for time and experience to show the value of our contribution.

We shall all of us, in fact, go on doing what we have done up to now. We shall make mistakes, and plenty of them. What we need not go on doing is to pretend that we are above making mistakes.

We can help ourselves and everyone else by being ready to admit freely and frankly any blunders we do make.

People who are quite certain they know everything are people who have stopped learning. They are not, as they think, proclaiming their wisdom. They are shouting aloud their mental incapacity.

Observing, listening, reading, thinking—these are the tools we've got to use in order to excavate knowledge. We never learn much by just accepting what we're told by someone else. Truth is only found by adding brains to theories.

Which means that you won't get either knowledge or truth by sitting down and waiting for it. You've got to go after it yourself.

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See Page 3.

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Reader's Story

ROAD to Adventure!

by Philip Bridgeman

151, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

SHE volunteered her name as Peggy, and from her stool under the awning of the bleak roadside coffee-stall eyed me searchingly.

"Will you give me a lift?" she asked.

A pretty, blonde girl, with a lithe figure, I wondered what brought her to this benighted spot on the Great North Road. It was near midnight, snowing fast, and she was there alone.

Somehow she looked different from the many harpies who frequent these roads, trying to get off with lorry drivers. She was no mere drab down on her luck.

"Very sorry," I told her, "but I'm on the hike looking for a lift myself."

"Had a breakdown, mate?" she suggested, and, as I shook my head, added, "Well, got a cigarette?"

Huddled close to the counter in the biting north wind, she leaned over and accepted a cigarette from my case. It was a fairly good case, relic of my palmier days. I had hung on to that and my watch for sentimental reasons. Her eyes opened wide.

"Bet you didn't get that in the bargain basement," she laughed. "What's the time?"

Glancing at my watch I told her it was just midnight.

"You're a toff!" she said, "kidding me you haven't got a car!"

Truth to tell I was almost penniless and was tramping not from choice but from sheer necessity, picking up lifts where I could. I had reached Yorkshire, and had a long, deserted road ahead.

Peggy probably imagined I was a commercial traveller with a bundle of notes and cheques in the attaché case I carried. She was obviously at a loose end, but I couldn't help her.

Seeing I was soaked, shivering, and apparently carless, she soon lost interest in me and went on eating a ham sandwich and hard-boiled egg.

"If you want a lift you won't pick it up here," the elderly coffee-stall attendant told me. "None of 'em stops here on a night like this."

He nodded significantly towards the snow and the ploughed-up morass of a road. Already on my way I had seen one or two heavy lorries snow-bound.

I took his tip. No use lounging by a coffee-stall all night and pick up a heavy chill or worse. So, with a "good-night," I turned on my heel.

PEGGY'S eyes were raised questioningly to the attendant, but he only shrugged his shoulders. "Good luck," she called out, and "Give me another coffee, George."

Eleven miles to the next road-house. That's what they had told me. My feet squelched as I walked wearily along. The wind whistled about my ears—but somehow I kept my circulation alive.

I soon dismissed Peggy from my mind. On the roads one meets many strange people. Coming to higher ground the going became easier, but it was colder. I hesitated outside a small cottage wondering whether I should beg a night's shelter, but a dog began to bark furiously.

Very occasionally a lorry passed, but the drivers ignored my signal. Bitten too often, no doubt. The headlights of a car gave better hope, but it pounded past spattering slush all over me.

At last I stumbled on the road-house, and my heart sank when I saw a line of lorries and one or two cars drawn up outside. Chances of a bed seemed small.

It was as I expected. Every room was occupied. But the manager, somewhat surlily, said I could have a shake-down in a hut for a bob, and threw in two blankets.

"Show me the way," I said, throwing down my last shilling. He looked me up and down.

"Bit odd for a man like you to be down and out," he growled. "S'pose you know your own business best."

I was in no mood to explain that to be on one's uppers was no crime. Instead I followed him to a small hut away from the house. On the way I could have almost sworn I saw Peggy passing through a door. If so, she had got a lift in the end.

I didn't think any more about it, but pulled off my sodden shoes and socks, took a towel from my attaché case, and wrapped my tired feet in it. Then, pulling the blankets around me, I lay down with the attaché case as a pillow.

Too tired and hungry to sleep properly, I only dozed. So I was fully awake when I heard someone outside saying, "Be slick about it," as a car engine started up. In the dimness of a small light I realised a moment later that two or three strangers had crept in.

Two men lay down on either side of me. Then I felt my attaché case being whisked away from my head. Struggling, I tried to raise myself, and at once a fist struck my jaw.

I fought myself free and got a savage blow on the ear, but as a pair of hands caught me by the shirt collar I used every ounce of my strength, got to my feet, and broke away.

Fights like this are noisy, and right and left people were stirring.

Suddenly I heard a deep voice ask profanely what the blankety blank the row was. I knew that voice, though I had not heard it for years. It was Jack Keegan's, Jack, my old pal with whom I had fought side by side in the Great War.

NO mistaking the deep boom. "Jack!" I yelled. "Help! Murder!" I got a furious hack on the shin. In return I made a blind hit and struck one of them in the mouth, grazing my knuckles. Then a fist holding a metal object got me in the jaw and I dropped.

"Put him out," hissed a voice behind my head. Everything went blank. When I opened my eyes the road-house manager was standing there.

"What's all this brawl?" he demanded angrily. Behind him the deep voice spoke.

"It is! Old Phil! By golly, I knew his chirp! They've been beating him up too!"

"Who is he?" asked the manager. "There's dirty work going on here!"

● "Huddled close to the counter . . . she accepted a cigarette."

"You're right—go and stop them!" Jack retorted. It was he sure enough. "If you see a car-load with a blonde girl inside, seize her. The gang work this road."

A minute or two later Jack dragged me to my feet. "Pull yourself together, Phil," he said. "Old soldiers never die! Glad I was about. Did they rob you of much?"

I smiled feebly: "Only an attaché case, Jack. Nothing much inside. They tried to get my watch and cigarette case, but they didn't manage it."

HE laughed loudly at this, and led me into the café. Very soon the manager returned.

"A car has gone away," he announced.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jack. "Don't you know pretty Peggy, mister? If you don't, you don't deserve to run this place. She's a spy-out for a gang who'll stop at nothing. On the look-out for anyone with cash or valuables."

"Huh!" sneered the manager. "Your friend got cash or valuables?"

"That is his business!" Jack brought a big fist down on the table. "He's my old Army pal, and that's good enough for you. Bring us two coffees, quick!"

Jack was driving a big fish lorry to Leeds. As I sat down beside him and we went off—the snow had ceased—I asked him:

"How did you know about Peggy and her gang?"

"Boy," he shouted, "I got a squint of her in the house. I know the game. I gave her a lift once."

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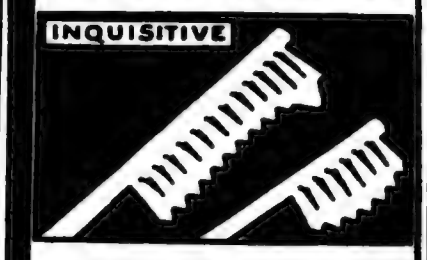

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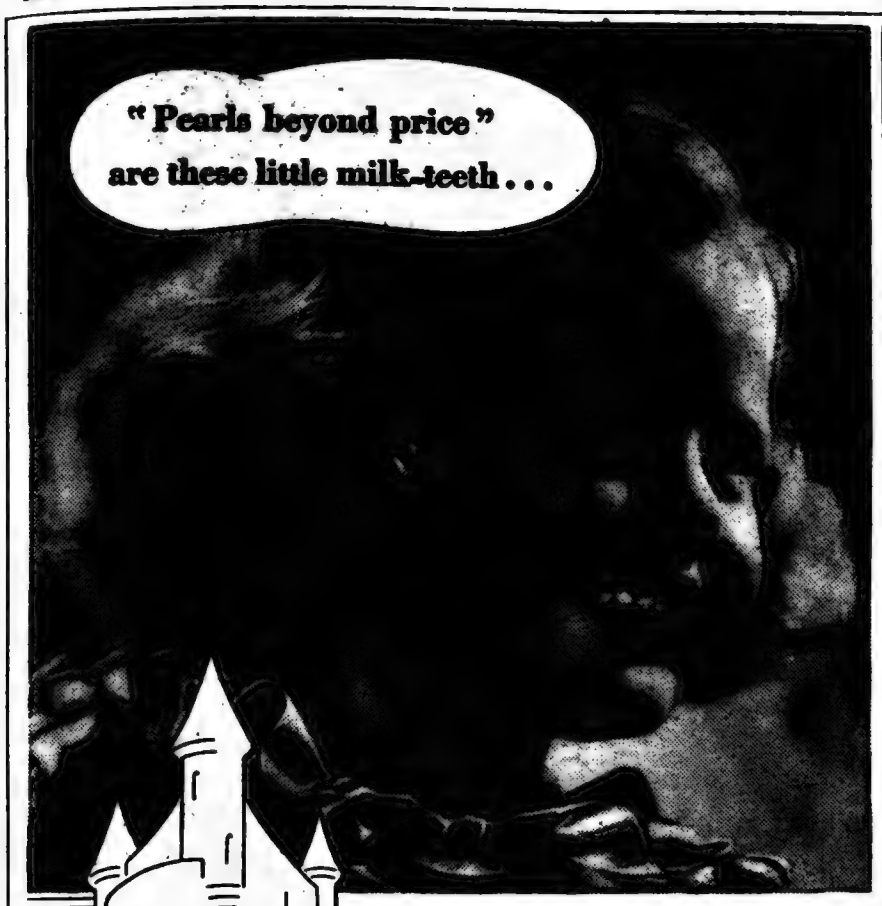

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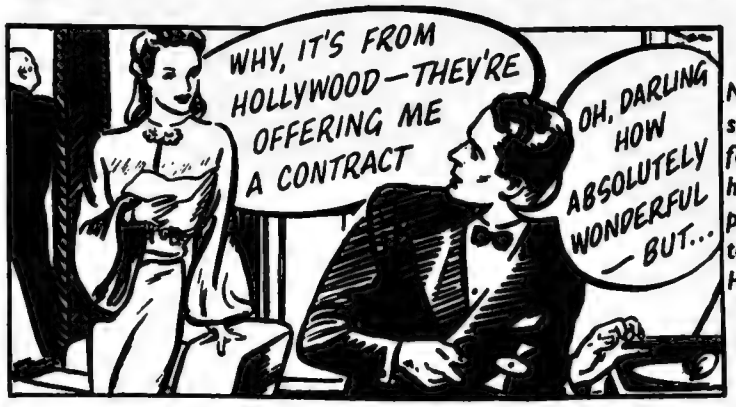
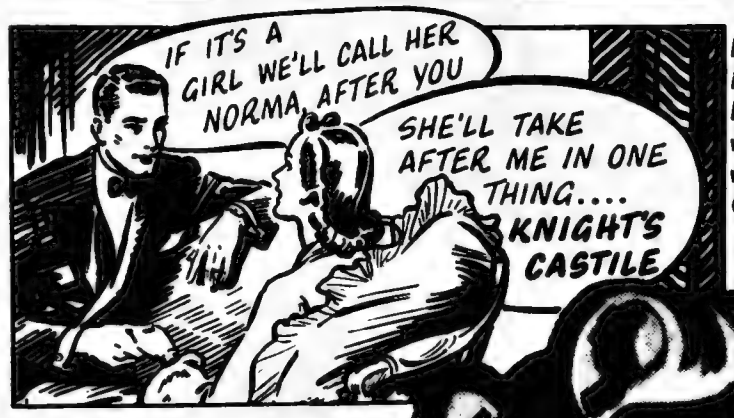
NORMA KNIGHT ...continued

Exciting news for Humphrey



Norma's sensational performance in her first British picture leads to an offer from Hollywood.

Norma breaks the news to Humphrey that she is going to have a baby.



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MURDER in strange places

Gripping New Series

Our famous crime reporter describes some of the weirdest backgrounds to murder ever known in this country

No. 1—Shots at the Shrine

by Stanley Bishop

AN image of a cross-legged god sat in a niche of the end wall, and gazed with blank carved eyes down the length of the room.

There was, on the opposite wall, a beautiful thing of coloured ivory—a miniature staircase and gilt embossed door, below fragile, twisted turrets.

It was an astonishing room.

Here was something quite apart from English life—an exiled little piece of the Far East, built up with all its details of ritual and worship behind a shop in a matter-of-fact Birkenhead street.

For the cross-legged god and the fine ivory temple made a shrine. There was an inscription in Chinese characters on the base of the ivory temple, which read: "To the undying honour of My Ancestors."

Everything in that room was sacred to Lock Ah Tam, mandarin and master of all Chinese who ever sailed the sea in British ships, and sacred also, by association, to his Welsh-born wife and his half-blood children.

It happened that Lock Ah Tam, once a coolie in the stokehold of a China coast tramp steamer, had prospered from the time he married a Cardiff girl and settled on Merseyside.

He was the most influential man in the whole of the Chinese community in the country. He ran the Chinese Prospect Club in Liverpool.

And he was the representative of the Jack Ah Tia, a world-wide organisation of Chinese stevedores with headquarters in Hongkong, as well as superintendent of Chinese sailors for three British steamship lines.

Always he was in touch with the police. Whenever a Liverpool detective wanted to find out something about the "underground" of Chinatown—and at this time it was flourishing in villainy—he went to Lock Ah Tam.

The man knew everything, and he was as honest as a bank manager.

Often as president of the European branch of the secret Kock Man Tong he would hold courts martial on erring Chinese and sentence them to deportation. There was no appeal against his decisions. He was mandarin and master.

If a Chinese behaved badly to his white wife, he had to answer to Lock Ah Tam and the Kock Man Tong.

Lock Ah Tam was a rod of discipline.

His word was a legal contract. And that was why he came to be led astray in financial dealings by people who imposed on him. He had to file a petition in bankruptcy.

That nearly broke his big heart, for he was proud of his reputation. Still, as troubles accumulated, Lock Ah Tam had the solace of his family, whom he loved with unswerving Oriental devotion.

And he would pray on his knees before the Shrine of his Ancestors in that room which he had built to remind him of home. He would pray that health and strength should be given him to repay every penny of his debts.

Pride of his life—second only to his white wife—was the eldest child, a son named Lock Ling Tam.

FOR a long nine years Lock Ling Tam was sent to study at a university in China, and when he returned to Birkenhead his father planned a great welcome.

A feast was spread in the room of the cross-legged god and the ivory temple. The friends of Lock Ah Tam—some Chinese and some English—were invited to join in the reunion celebration.

Lock Ah Tam made a speech, telling of the pride he had in his son, and also of his love for "The Star of My Heaven, who is my wife."

The wife spoke also in praise of her husband and of all he had done for her and the children she had borne him.

All the guests departed and the family were together—Lock Ah Tam, his wife, Lock Ling Tam, and the two pretty daughters Doris Tam and Cecilia Tam.

They sat together before the coloured ivory temple. . . .

A telephone bell rang in the Birkenhead police station, and a constable answered.

"Tam—shot—kill—wife—and child. Come." Those were the scarcely coherent words he heard.

"Wait a minute. Who is that speaking?" he asked, with pencil ready for note-taking.

"Lock Ah Tam. Send the police. I have killed my wife and child. My house is 122, Price Street."

ROUND to Price Street the police dashed. They found the door of the shop opened—it always was open, day and night, in case a distressed Chinese should call for help.

And they found the body of Mrs. Tam lying at the foot of the little ivory shrine. The dishes of the Chinese feast of reunion and rejoicing still littered the table.

A few feet away the girl Cecilia lay—shot dead, near the image of the cross-legged god. And her sister Doris was dying from gunshot wounds.

A discharged double-barrelled shotgun and a revolver were in the room.

Lock Ah Tam met the police as they burst in. He was to all appearances perfectly calm, smoking a cigarette.

Judge of his composure from the fact that he said to Kwok Tsan Chin, a Chinese neighbour who came to the house at the news of the shooting:

"If I am hanged, get my body and bury me by my wife and daughters."

Lock Ling Tam had escaped the dreadful slaughter in that sacred room.

He ran for help when his father broke into a sudden uncontrollable, demoniacal fury against his mother. The maid, Margaret Sing, was left alone in the house to see the killing.

Such was the respect for Lock Ah Tam in Liverpool and Birkenhead that a public fund was raised for his defence. All manner of people subscribed until the amount was more than £1,000.

With that money the best of legal skill could be secured and the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., greatest of all defenders, was briefed.

I well remember the scene in the spacious Chester Assize Court when Lock Ah Tam, accused of triple murder, faced Mr. Justice Mackinnon, then newly appointed to the Bench.

The proceedings were outstanding for

(Continued on page 38)

60,000 FREE BLADES

Show this advertisement to your Dealer and ask him to give YOU a Free Sample, or send us HIS name and address and we will post YOU

2 RUGBY BLADES FREE

The best 1d. Blue Steel Blade in the British Isles. Three-Hole type. Empire Made.

WANTED 5,000 DEALERS TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF

RUGBY BLUE STEEL BLADES

Send a request on your Letterheading or Billhead and we will post you

1 DOZEN FREE SAMPLES

Send To-Day before they are all given away.

STREAMLINE RADIO LTD.
148, THEOBALDS RD. LONDON W.C.1

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It's the DAILY POLISH that keeps shoes so much *smarter.*

In Black, White, Brown, Tenette, and Dark Tan Stain.

Tins 2½d., 4½d., and 6d.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CB.MO.22

It keeps your liver LIVELY
It keeps your liver KEEN
You take it every morning
And its name is LIVACLEAN

You may be as dull and listless even as Dad here—but wait till you've been on Livaclean for one week! Marvellous new Livaclean brings you bounding vim and vigour. Helps you hop gaily out of bed and tackle work or worries with twice the old vitality. Sounds fanciful? But wait! Livaclean is something **brand new!**

YOUR DAILY MOTTO—A LIVELY LIVER

Livaclean keeps the liver at its liveliest. It routs out sluggish poisons and wastes that slow it down—and slow you down. It really gets the liver back to full vital action; stimulates the flow of digestive bile; bucks up your entire "inside." Livaclean is natural, gentle, sure. Get a 9d. tin and begin the transformation to-day.

IT'S MADE BY MACLEANS

9d. per tin. Double size economy tin 1/4

LIVACLEAN
keeps your liver **LIVELY**

Men of COOL nerve..

..FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

A tobacco you can be sure of—that's Bondman. Consistent in texture, it burns evenly from start to finish and every puff is cool, satisfying and clean.

LLOYDS' Bondman TOBACCO

- **EMPIRE BLEND.**
- **RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA**

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

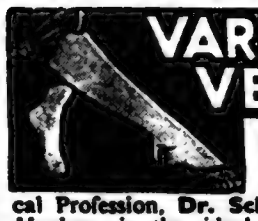
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Easy to remember as

A B C

What is? Turn to p. 25!



VARICOSE VEINS

Seamless and fully fashioned, approved by Medical Profession. **Dr. Scholl's Corrective Hosiery** is the ideal method of supporting the weakened walls of veins. Special weave gives full freedom to leg muscles; comfortable and cool. Restores slim grace to legs; prevents aches and tiredness. Invisible. All Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price from 15/- per pair.

D'Scholls CORRECTIVE HOSIERY

URACE

PUT AN END TO **RHEUMATISM**

FREE SAMPLE! From Bewley & Phillips, Ltd., Dept., Bonner St., London, E.2. From your chemist, 1/6 & 3/-

The earth pours forth her liquid treasure—treasure that has ruined thousands and endangered the peace of Nations.

Without petrol a modern State comes to a standstill. So Rumania's oilfields are Europe's richest prize to-day

WORLD interest centres on Europe's richest prize, the 7,000,000 tons a year oil wells that threaten to make Rumania the battleground of Europe.

More valuable to a modern community than gold or precious stones—for without oil the State comes to a standstill—its history is a story of bloodshed.

In Mexico, one of the world's greatest producers, oil interests have fomented revolutions, in the East a War, and now a sword of Damocles hangs over Europe, for the sake of 7,000,000 tons of oil a year.

"Oil is as necessary as blood in the battles of to-morrow," said "Tiger" Clemenceau in his appeal for petrol to President Wilson in the winter of 1917.

And the late Lord Curzon, not ordinarily demonstrative, told oil magnate Henri Deterding just after the war, "You floated the Allies to victory on a lake of oil."

It was about this time, too, that Sir Edward Mackay Edgar boasted that "all the known oil fields outside the U.S.A. are in British hands or under British management or control, or financed by British capital."

That claim could not be substantiated to-day. The Soviet Government took over the Russian oilfields with their 30,000,000 tons a year output, and the Mexican Government have recently expropriated the British and U.S.A. interests in Mexico with their six or seven million tons a year.

But still a great part of the world's supply is under British control; and most of the rest is controlled by the United States.

While Iran exports its ten million odd metric tons a year, Iraq about four million tons, and the wells of North and South America spew forth their hundred of millions of tons of liquid treasure, Germany herself produces only half a million tons a year; and Britain an infinitesimal quantity.

Now Rumania and Iran are the leading suppliers of the European oil market. Italy imports nearly half her requirements from Rumania, and Germany about a quarter of hers.

Nearly half of Germany's supplies have to cross the Atlantic from North, South and Central America.

Iran means the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and seven and a half million pounds of that company's £26,000,000 capital belong to the British Government.

Moreover, the Anglo-Iranian Company own a 23.5 per cent. share in the Iraq Petroleum Company (as well as considerable interests in U.S.A., and other oil-bearing countries).

You see the importance of the Rumanian oilfields to the Axis Powers? Especially if the U.S.A. were to cut off German and Italian supplies.

For the totalitarian States import 18.9 per cent. and 13.5 per cent. respectively of their total requirements from America.

But Rumania's total output would not be sufficient to meet the war-time needs of the Axis, even supposing it could be acquired.

For, while Europe's normal peace time consumption is 27 million tons, *General Serrigny, head of the Mechanisation Staff of the French Army, has stated that 70 million tons would be consumed in the first year of a great European war.*

And that the rate of consumption would afterwards increase by leaps and bounds.

Hence Germany's frantic efforts to obtain the Mexican oil expropriated by the Government from British and U.S.A. interests, and amounting in a normal year to about 7,000,000 tons.

Much of this expropriated supply is now being bartered with Italy and Germany.

ANTI-JEWISH riots, hall-mark of Nazi influence, have recently taken place unopposed by the police in Mexico, though the number of Jews there proved to be insufficient for a real show-down.

Jewish ranks had to be specially reinforced by non-Aryans for the purposes of the pogrom.

Oil has been Mexico's greatest prize and her biggest curse for a generation.

Oil interests have been responsible for one revolution after another, stirring up fratricidal strife, causing the cold-blooded killing of hundreds of thousands and bringing untold misery to as many more.

One after another the Mexican Presidents came hurtling down in a welter of bloodshed. The calamity started when Diaz was toppled from the Presidential throne by oil interests, and a thirty years' peace was broken.

Next in quick succession came President Madero, murdered by the guards of Huerto who succeeded him, and Pancho Villa, against whom General Pershing had to cross the border with American troops.

Three thousand miles to the south, the Republic of Bolivia fought its little neighbour Paraguay for three years in the fetid swamps and jungles of the Gran Chaco, because those fever-infested wastes were believed to contain oil.

After an expenditure of more than 300,000 lives and hundreds of millions of pounds, Paraguay was awarded almost the whole of the Chaco zone by the mediation of the other South American countries and the U.S.A.

America, the greatest individual oil-producing country in the world, with its 165,000,000 tons a year, has had her full share of the troubles that seem inevitably to follow the discovery of this liquid gold.

For years the oil magnates were accused of bribery and corruption that left in its wake a trail of broken homes and ruined lives.

Despite the £1,000,000 spent on oil research in this country, Britain's sole paying oil well—the Duke of Devonshire's well at Hartsoft—has produced only 3,000 tons of oil in twenty years.

And although oil can be produced synthetically, experts estimate that it would require a capital expenditure of £232,000,000, and remitted taxation to the tune of £43,000,000 to keep Britain in home-made petroleum.

CONSEQUENTLY we have to import the necessary 11,000,000 tons a year of crude and refined oil—chiefly from the Dutch East Indies, Venezuela, Iran and U.S.A.

Hence the importance of the Axis negotiations with Rumania and Mexico.

No nation to-day can face a war of any length without petrol for tanks, 'planes, transport ashore and afloat.

The only alternative to obtaining regular supplies is to accumulate stocks in advance—a tremendous task to which Germany is applying herself with all her might; but which may prove to be impossible even for her superlative powers of organisation.

For Militiamen

READERS who will be called up for service in the new Militia, or who belong to any of the forces, are sure to have problems on which they want advice.

JOHN BULL has made arrangements for a special department to deal with these queries.

So, if anyone is in doubt on any point, send particulars, as concisely as possible, to: Free Advice Dept., JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelope "Services" in top left-hand corner. Please also enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

'worth a guinea a box'

"The best home medicine is Beechams Pills . . "

This letter from a lady expresses gratitude which millions likewise feel. She says: "*I attribute my perfect health to the fact that I have taken Beechams Pills for the past 35 years. I consider the best home medicine is Beechams Pills.*" They are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them yourself!

Beechams Pills

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LAXATIVE

NEW 6D TIN

to cure your Stomach Pain

Speedily and gently, Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets bring relief to stomach pain, indigestion, flatulence and acidity. Keep a tin always handy in pocket or handbag.

New 6d. size (15 tablets).
Slide-top tin (50 tablets) 1/3.

Look for the signature—

Alex. C. Maclean

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

Here are some interesting offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

A tasty, tempting, lavish meal, ready to serve and economical to buy. (PAGE TWENTY-THREE).

How to keep your teeth clean and mouth healthy. (PAGES TWENTY-SIX, TWENTY-SEVEN & THIRTY-THREE).

A lovely country Cider made from the choicest, juiciest apples and an ideal drink because it suits everyone. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE).

How to shave without a brush. (PAGE TWENTY-FOUR).

A new Toffee in filled blocks of milk chocolate—8 whole bites for 2d. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE).

A free Razor Blade to test and try before you buy. (PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT).

Personal freshness and how to ensure it. (PAGE THIRTY-ONE).

24 tumblers of refreshing drink from one bottle. (PAGE TWENTY-TWO).

A national remedy which soothes pain away with no harmful after-effects. (PAGE THIRTY-FIVE).

A foot plaster which gives relief from pain and ensures foot fitness. (PAGE THIRTY-TWO).

Readers who suffer from circulatory troubles can secure a sample and booklet explaining a new remedy. (BACK COVER).

The latest chocolate confection with a lot of food value and nourishment. (PAGE TWENTY-TWO).

A Useful Thing to KNOW

IF you suffer from Rheumatism or Arthritis, you ought to try "Curicones" at once. Fill in the coupon below with your own or your friend's name and address, and a trial supply of "Curicones" will be sent free of all charge. This generous gift will be accompanied by a splendid booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic and Arthritic troubles.

If you don't seal the envelope, a half-penny stamp is enough for the coupon.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.9,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.
Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample and Booklet you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

CROSSWORD No. 155.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 26 is presented the 155th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors those using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 15, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S then weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by ordering with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

TRAVEL sickness

SONGO (Capsules) prevent Sea-sickness, Motor, Air, or Rail Sickness; it NEVER Fails. 1/3 and 3/6 Obtainable or Post Free.

Vendor IAL, 223, Argyle St., Glasgow

Get SONGO

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

The glorious freedom of a mid-week run! No special place to go and all day to get there. Comfortably relaxed at the wheel, yes—but still as you are, you perspire!

There's nothing wrong in perspiration—it's healthy and natural. Indeed, doctors tell us we all perspire as much as 1½ pints daily. Much of this perspiration evaporates when it reaches the skin surface. What remains in the skin pores must be quickly removed, otherwise it becomes stale, causing Body-Odour.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is your protection. Its fresh and invigorating lather, with the antiseptic health element, penetrates deep into the pores, washing away all stale perspiration and impurities. Regular bathing with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is so refreshing. What's more, it's keeping you safe from 'B.O.'

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP prevents "B.O." (body-odour)

About 1½ pints of perspiration
are expelled from the system of the average person daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.
LIFEBUOY

LBT 421-304-65

A LEVER PRODUCT

Complete Your Plans for Security Now!

PEARL With-Profits Endowment Assurance

Fill in and post coupon below for particulars of a Pearl With-Profits Endowment Assurance—an investment to you personally and an invaluable protection for your family.

To PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD. High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £_____ at age____

My age next birthday will be_____

Name_____

Address_____

59.J.B. 20/5/39_____

LETTERS BY ROCKET MAIL!

Propelled by powerful explosives, thousands of letters have been successfully carried long distances to inaccessible islands by "Rocket Mail". Read all about this novel "air mail" in the May "Armchair Science", now on sale. "Armchair Science" makes the world of science live before your eyes—100 pages, 28 articles and features, 65 illustrations. Don't miss:—Birth of the Earth; Pilotless Planes; Building the Pyramids; Power from the Sun; etc. etc. Get your copy today!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE • 6D

Humanist's Plain Talk to Husbands

When Love Walks Out . . .

¶ It is because a man forgets his wonderful courtship promises.

¶ Because he treats his wife as an unpaid servant.

¶ And because he sees romance only outside his own home.

ONE particular problem is sent to me every day in the year. It comes from every sort of place from Land's End to the Shetland Islands and is as common in the tiny village as in the big city.

It is the problem of the woman married to a selfish husband.

He is not a brute, nor an habitual drunkard, nor is he guilty of unfaithfulness. He is respectable and moral in his daily life.

He often goes to church. But he treats his wife as an unpaid servant who exists only to cater for his needs.

Every week he hands her the bare minimum of money for the household expenses; and it never occurs to him to give her a little present in cash or an evening's amusement.

He never gives her the slightest sign of appreciation or affection. He takes her for granted.

His wife is one of the saddest women in the world.

But before I say anything more about him I should like to quote from some of the letters. Here is the first:

"I am only twenty-nine and my husband thirty, but I feel that our young lives are being wasted. How happy we could be if only he would be fair! I should just love springing surprises on him if only I had the opportunity he has. He never gives me a halfpenny over even when he has a purse full of notes.

"If he only bought me a sixpenny present I should be as pleased as if it cost six shillings—to know that the right feeling was there.

"I cannot go on much longer living an empty and quarrelsome life. It is not my nature. I want to live for love, happiness, and peace.

"Things seem to be going from bad to worse. I feel as though I am having my heart wrung. It has been broken before and it must give out some time. Outwardly I appear to be happy when we are not actually quarrelling, but inwardly my heart is bleeding.

"I have gone down on my knees more than once and prayed for help out of my misery, for love and happiness to come my way."

THAT young woman wants two things: (1) an occasional sign of appreciation to make her feel that she is really a wife and not just a housekeeper; (2) a fair share of the wages to save her from that awful feeling of being a pauper.

He could give her both these things and make her very happy, but he shows no hint of affection nor will he part with any of his spare cash.

It doesn't occur to him that his wife would expect anything more than her sweated wages. If the man would only sit quietly down and try to see things from her point of view he would act differently.

But here is an extract from another letter about the same problem:

"My husband is very mean and selfish. He has always kept me short of money, yet he spends a lot on himself. It has been a source of trouble between us for years.

"It need not have been, for he has the money all right. We ought to have been happy and quite comfortable.

"He has never bought me even a home. We have his mother's old things. He has never spent one penny on the house yet. My life has been miserable. He does not like my going out to see friends or having anyone here.

"My boy and his father detest one another They don't speak for months. If he is upset about anything my husband sulks like a spoilt child, and it is always about trifles. He likes to think he is the Big Boss and we have to humble ourselves to him.

"I feel I can't go on much longer. The strain is beginning to tell and I feel I shall go crazy. I would not mind so much if I deserved it, but I have always kept our home nice and comfortable, the meals have always been ready, and I have always tried to do right and live right."

The friction between father and son is clearly caused by the boy's sympathy with his mother. He is old enough to realise that she is being treated unjustly. He can see that she is continually being hurt and it is natural that he should resent it.

Did you notice one little sentence near the end of the letter? "I would not mind so much if I deserved it." That is what the neglected wife is always saying and thinking. I hear it every day. It is injustice which rankles.

The man forgets (but the woman remembers) all the wonderful promises he made during the days of courtship. There was nothing he would not do for her!

But it is a waste of time to lecture the selfish man on his shortcomings. It would be easy to scold him, but is it possible to change him? Can he be made to see himself as his wife sees him?

He does not really mean to be unfair, but he does not think. He can't see that he is the victim of a vicious circle. It works something like this:

(1) He goes out every evening because his wife is depressing company. (2) His wife is depressing because he goes out every evening.

Stupid, isn't it?

There is another vicious circle which is worse:

(1) The wife looks less attractive than she used to do before marriage, therefore the man does not feel the impulse to give her a good time. (2) Because he is unwilling to give her a good time she cannot make herself attractive.

Both these circles can be broken quickly enough. If a man constantly moans about his wife's cooking ("She can't make cake like mother's!") she won't feel inspired to do her best; but if he appreciates her efforts she will be eager to surprise him.

WE all work best when our work is praised, but when it is taken for granted and received in sullen silence we are not tempted to try.

It really seems necessary to point out that a woman is a human being. Give her a square deal and she will give one in return. Spend money on her and she will prove that it is worth it.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Now there is another letter on a slightly different subject:

"My husband has a witty tongue, and when we have friends in to see us the jokes always seem to be at my expense. He is considered an amusing host, so I try to smile it off, as he is so nice in other ways.

"I have tried to explain to him how it hurts me to be made to look foolish, but he flies into a temper and says that next time we have company he won't speak at all.

"My son brings his friends home and I know he feels it acutely when his father starts making me look ridiculous in front of them.

"I know my husband does not mean to make a butt of me, but that is what it amounts to.

"I would give anything to break him of this practice, as my children are growing up and I want them to have happy memories of their home, and not of quarrelling parents."

Well, this woman has my sympathy. I expect most of my readers know similar cases. The man does not mean to hurt his wife, but the opportunity to be "smart" and amusing is difficult to resist.

ONE of our most famous writers once confessed that he would throw truthfulness out of the window for the sake of a brilliant phrase or a clever epigram. It is a great temptation to be able to shine in company even though it may be cruel.

It is another case of unintentional selfishness, this scoring at another's expense.

Selfishness takes a hundred different shapes, and the greatest difficulty in tackling the subject lies in the fact that the selfish person never thinks he is selfish. But those who live with him know and suffer—often in silence.

Only when they are strained to breaking-point do they let themselves go and write to "Humanist" about it.

SCALDED HER ARM
From Wrist to Elbow!

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALED IT AND LEFT NO SCAR!

Dear Sirs, St. Peter Port.
Some time ago father had a septic foot, mother dressed it regularly with Germolene, and thanks to this, no hospital treatment was necessary.
Once I scalded my arm very badly, causing blisters from wrist to elbow. Here again, Germolene was used liberally. The skin healed-up beautifully and did not leave a scar.
Again, my father had five carbuncles at the back of his neck, compelling him to leave off work for some time. Germolene again came to the rescue with its healing powers.
Yours faithfully, Miss L.M.S.

MAGIC HEALING

Day by day more and more people experience the 'magic' healing power of Germolene. If YOU are suffering from
ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PIMPLES, WOUNDS, ABSCESSES, RASH,
get a tin of Germolene TO-DAY!

6D 1/3 & 3/- Per Tin
Hospital Size 12/-
SOLD EVERYWHERE

DOCTORS ENDORSE LIQUID LAXATIVE

Your doctor will tell you that because a liquid fruit laxative has a uniform action, it is the most natural and effective medicine for constipation. In 'California Syrup of Figs' you have the health-giving, blood-purifying value of fruit in safe liquid form.

It establishes a healthy, regular habit and cleanses the system of all undigested, fermenting food, all pent-up bile and noxious waste matter.

It keeps a child regular, happy and well. Being a liquid, the weekly dose can be adjusted to suit the child's system exactly. Doctors and nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs.' Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

Comfort for Sale at
IT'S A FOOT

Use "Hobson's Choice" Plaisters and enjoy "foot-fitness" always. Don't depend on dangerous knives for temporary relief from pain; here is something SAFE AND SURE—recommended by thousands!
Be like Felix—keep on walking!

"Hobsons Choice" FEET PLAISTERS

Plaisters 1½d., 3d., and 4½d.
Powders in 1d. pkts., and 4d. sprinkler boxes.
From all Chemists, shops and stores, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, etc.
Manufactured by Hobson, Tribble & Co. Ltd., Leeds, 2.

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR ~~9d.~~ ONLY 10½d-sorry!

Before the Budget 'Lucky Jim' was a revelation at 9d. an ounce. The New price of 10½d. represents the bare increase in duty. *You get exactly the same grand value as before.* Medium strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists.

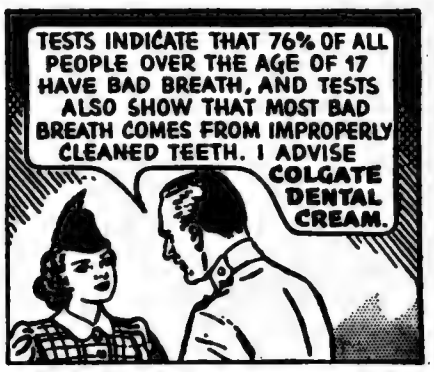
Still grand value!

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **10½d**

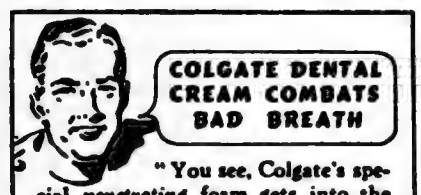
'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 9½d. *Two-ounce tins* **1/9**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

GUSHING ALL OVER ME AND THEN TELLING THAT MANICURIST IT'S NO WONDER THAT HAROLD GOES OFF ALONE SO OFTEN FOR WEEK-ENDS!
WELL, I'M AFRAID I KNOW WHAT GRACE MEANT. CLAIRE! WON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?


TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
HAROLD! HOW PERFECTLY SWEET OF YOU TO TAKE CLAIRE AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END!
SWEET OF ME? WHY, I WOULDN'T GO WITHOUT HER, GRACE!



"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel — makes teeth sparkle!"

2 RELIABLE REMEDIES

They will give Prompt Relief and Save you Doctor's Bills. Order them To-day—Accept the Special Bonus Trial Offer Free!

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

No More GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices: Trial size 6d. (24). Other sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions).

Ask for "White Lions," and make your mealtime happier! A Trial will convince you that "WHITE LIONS" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS," to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.75), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Trial Size 1/- (25). Other Sizes 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement, asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS," to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.75), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,
DISPENSING CHEMISTS
(Dept. J.B. 75), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

WINNERS— by AIR-MAIL!

"Bullets" Illustrated: When Wifey's Spring-Cleaning—"Conscription" Isn't Just Discussed!

Competitors' Parliament

conducted by

"Compex"

Have you had your say in Competitors' Parliament, the new feature conducted by "Compex" to help all readers interested in "John Bull's" big prize competitions?

If you have a question to ask, or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MY battalion is being transferred to India shortly. Does that mean I shall be unable to enter *Bullets*? It struck me that with the fine air mail service now in operation I might perhaps get my entries to Long Acre in time.—Sergt. W. W., Aldershot.

Thanks to air mail, you can keep on competing, if you work on the advance Examples provided in "Bullets Bulletin"—recent proof was the £2 10s. prize won by Tank Corps sergeant, stationed at Kirkee.

As soon as you know where you will be stationed, write for details of special overseas mailing service to Circulation Manager, "Bullets Bulletin," 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

MeritMatters

It seems to me that many big winners in Crosswords are old hands at the game. What hope has a beginner?—Mrs. L. L., Bayswater.

Regular entry helps competitors to improve the standard of their entries, but you must remember that each successful old hand was a beginner once. With care, common-sense and the will to win, you, too, can join the ranks of the consistently successful—but you'll get nowhere if you falter at the start.

No Trade Names

I sent in a *Bullet* containing what my wife and I thought quite a neat pun on a famous brand of whisky and a thirsty middle-aged hiker. Surely the theme would not have stopped it from winning?—J. M. D., Brighton.

No, but such names of advertised products never figure in winning "Bullets." If your idea is a bright one, try to put it over without mentioning the name of any particular brand of whisky.

Country Cheques

Why do so many of the chief prizes in *Bullets* go to entrants from big cities?—J. W., Marlborough, Wilts.

Average "Bulleteer" in town, village or country district is just as able to make winner as average "Bulleteer" in city. But there are five entrants in cities to every one elsewhere, so successes of readers in cities are inevitably more than of other readers.

All the same, non-city "Bulleteers" score heavily. For instance, I notice that readers in Wyke Regis, Exmouth, Brightlingsea, Saltburn-by-Sea, Whitley Bay, Soham, Shirley, Rosyth, Weymouth, Wokingham, Pelaw-on-Tyne, Old Coulsdon, Papplewick, Melton Mowbray, Dorking, Omagh and Watford have all been in the "Bullets" "Big Three" within the last twelve weeks.

Don't worry about where you live, but concentrate on making good "Bullets."

Wrong Address!

I used to enter *Bullets* and Crosswords from the hotel where I work and live, but have stopped because people told me no prizes would be sent to an hotel address. Is this so?—Miss E. T., Glasgow.

Your informants were wrong. For competition purposes one address is as good as another—it's the merit in your entries that matters.

The Best Beat Rest

Although the rule says each *Bullet* shall be examined, careful scrutiny of the winning lists shows that not all of the *Examples* provided are featured. It looks as if the judges are told only to examine efforts made with certain selected *Examples*.—J. C., Worthing.

With more Examples than published Prize "Bullets," and method of adjudication normal, how could every Example provided appear with a winning "Bullet"? Besides, you can't blame the judges if, as often happens, entrants make better "Bullets" with one Example than with another.

Without Prejudice

If there are a number of *Bullets* judges, each must have his own tastes and opinions. Suppose an effort of mine comes before Judge A. He may not care for it, yet it might have instantly appealed to Judge B. had he seen it.—B. G., Ashington.

The judges are all men of long experience, trained to recognise a common standard of merit. If your "Bullet" reaches that standard, its good points (and bad) are then discussed by the judges as a whole. What could be fairer?

No Stage Presentations

I am an elderly widow and rather nervous. If I won a big JOHN BULL prize, would I have to go up on a cinema stage for a public presentation? The very idea of it makes me feel worried.—Mrs. G. P., Shoreham.

No need to get fussed. Although such ceremonies are often suggested to JOHN BULL by enterprising cinema managers and others, it is thought that the majority of competitors would prefer to receive their prize cheques in a quiet, businesslike way.

Accordingly, even biggest cheques are invariably sent by registered post, and no public presentations are arranged by JOHN BULL.

Good Little 'Uns

You say "stickability" is what is wanted to win in *Bullets*. Then why don't I get a big prize? I have been trying for years and get nothing higher than "Good Shot" awards.—I. C., Chichester.

You forget what winning a "Good Shot" means. It tells you that you have beaten scores of rivals, and that step up from "Good Shot" standard to big prize standard is not as big as you evidently imagine.

Look at Mr. Harvey, a Crewe railway clerk—he jumped straight from "Good Shot" prizes to £300 First in Competition No. 1,168.

First after First

Can a First Prize-winner in either *Bullets* or Crosswords head the winning list a second time?—A. T., Warrington.

There are many consistent winners in JOHN BULL's Crosswords with two, three or even more first prize shares to their credit.

A number of "Bulleteers" have won two First Prizes and one—Mr. G. Faulkner, an Exeter tobacconist—has headed the prize-list three times. Like many another "Bulleteer's," Mr. Faulkner's business was built with his prize-money.

Post Days

Just what does it mean when JOHN BULL announces that the "Closing Postmark" is on such and such a date? Must you post your entry the night before that date?—C. B., Stirling.

No. You can post your entries right up to the last collection on that Closing Postmark date—that is, Saturday for "Bullets" and now Friday for Crosswords.

FREE TO ALL NEW CLIENTS OF COPES with an acknowledgment of their first bet

COPE'S offer you the privacy and convenience of a Credit Account for every class of bet—Horse, Pony, Greyhounds. You can bet in shillings or in pounds, at NO LIMIT, for Starting Price or Tote Returns.

RESERVATION FORM

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____ JB. 847

Address _____ Suggested Weekly Credit £

Town _____ County _____

DAVID COPE Ltd. Ludgate Circus London E.C.4

Race with "Silver Ring"

"Youth" in the Saddle

BECAUSE we see them in hectic finishes, always straining every nerve to be first at the winning post (at least, we hope so!), the impression is gained that it's a short life and a gay one for jockeys.

I am prompted to these remarks because I've had a further sheaf of enquiries regarding the ages of our "six oldest jockeys." As a matter of fact, I can't answer the queries with any certainty because some jockeys, like actresses, like to keep quiet about their birthdays.

Hardly a week passes but I have to assure someone that W. Bullock, who is still familiar to Northern racegoers, is the jockey who won the Derby and Oaks in 1908 on Signorinetta.

"Brownie" Carslake sits a horse better than anyone I know, and he is past the fifty years mark. He cannot be much the senior of Fred Herbert, our most travelled jockey, who was riding winners in America 30 years ago.

R. Crisp, Tommy Burns, E. Gardner, Joe Thwaites—they must all be near the half-century. And granted equal mounts, I'd like to wager all the money I could borrow that they would beat any six or seven you could name in the under-thirty class.

When we consider what a strenuous business race-riding is these days, and think also of the early morning gallops and the amount of travelling involved, we should take off our hats to these seniors who have been steering winners for some 30 years.

One-match-a-week footballers and two-fights-a-year boxers do not last so long.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 25, to Wednesday, May 31.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 96 E D K V W A N 95 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: V94RAZ9594 would read REVOLTE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL

When the whistle goes..

When the shift 'knocks off,' pipes come out—to be filled with 'DIGGER.' It's a grand full-bodied smoke and a 'stayer' for quality. Buy an ounce today and see for yourself why 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.

PLAYER'S **DIGGER** TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

9½d AN OZ

PD.77

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

Proved Remedy for PILES

Why Endure Pain & Suffering?

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? You should use Zam-Buk, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications arising. Use Zam-Buk regularly and you'll soon be on the road to recovery. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

Zam-Buk

Brand

The Famous Herbal Ointment

THE Right WAY to STOP PAIN is with 'ASPRO'

There's a right and a wrong way of doing everything. For instance, there are dangerous drugs that will stop pain. On the other hand, there is a quick and safe way to soothe pain away—the 'ASPRO' method—IT'S THE RIGHT WAY. When you take 'ASPRO' tablets to banish your pain you run no risk of harmful after-effects, for 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or the stomach. In fact, it is so safe that a child can take it. So you see there is no need to suffer pain. 'ASPRO' soothes your pain and helps to eliminate the cause, leaving Nature to assert herself. So you see 'ASPRO' is the ideal medicine. Why not adopt it as your standard remedy?

'ASPRO' HEALING TIME-TABLE-

'ASPRO' WILL BANISH YOUR HEADACHE— IN 5 MINUTES

COLDS and 'FLU
RHEUMATIC PAINS-
(Lumbago, Sciatica, etc)
FEVERISHNESS & TEMPERATURE.
SLEEPLESSNESS, TOOTHACHE
NEURALGIA, NEURITIS
} IN ONE NIGHT

SORE THROAT (When used as a gargle) - IN A FEW MINUTES ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

TAKE 'ASPRO' AND KEEP WELL

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED
Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 668

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

All Leading Chemists & Stores Stock & Display 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

MARVELLOUS FOR MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

46 Richmond Avenue,
Highbury Park,
London, E.4.

Dear Sirs,

Having suffered from muscular rheumatism for months, I decided to give 'ASPRO' tablets a trial and the benefit I have derived from them is simply marvellous. I can fully recommend them.—Yours gratefully,

M. TAYLOR (Mrs.).

WHOLE FAMILY USES 'ASPRO'

9 York Street, Bedminster,
Bristol.

Dear Sir,

I cannot speak too highly of your 'ASPRO' Tablets and they have proved of most wonderful value. My husband swears by them, that no medicine ever eases him or gives him ease as 'ASPRO' and also myself and children for toothache, earache, headache, rheumatism, every pain in your whole body 'ASPRO' will relieve. Believe me it is true.

Yours very gratefully,

W. J. MOUNTFORD.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are:—(a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, half tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 16 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 2 years of age without medical advice.

FAMILY BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

68 Oliphant Street, Queen's Park,
London, W.10.

Dear Sir,

I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism, my family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO.' It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.

Yours truly, J. WISEMAN.

BAD COLD AND PAINS BANISHED

13 Baxter Road, Essex Road,
London, N.1.

Sir,

I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good and in future they will be the first thing I will go for.

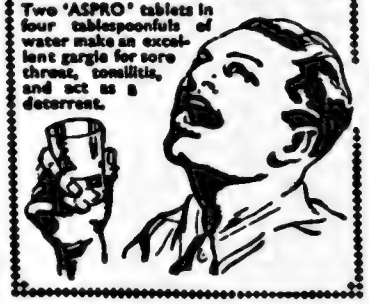
Thanking 'ASPRO.'

Yours faithfully,

B. BAYFORD.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



PRICES 3D 6D 1'3 2'6

LET 'John Bull' PAY for YOUR HOLIDAY!
+Win
£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
and SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
£600
in monthly cheques during next 10 years alone-if preferred, £350 lump sum
FIRST PRIZE JOY WIRE - FRI. JUNE 9
UNLIMITED HOLIDAY FIVERS £5
EXTRA for every cash winner this week who also secures cash prize in NEXT WEEK'S CROSSWORD No 156
£100 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
USEFUL SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd. RUNNERS-UP

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, June 2, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, June 3

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 15. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 20, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 31.

Giant Holiday Prize Won Outright!

RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. 152.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 152 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious set of Answers for one Square (see on right) was the following competitor:

Mrs. F. M. MASSEY, 5, WESTCLIFFE WALK, NELSON, LANCS.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive £13 Monthly for Life plus £500 Cash and 1,000-mile Motoring Holiday, or a lump sum of £1,500 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 30, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 30 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive £5. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 Holiday Cash will be divided between Runners-up who submitted 8 squares or more for this contest.

A £10 Holiday Cheque will also be sent to every cash winner this week who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 153.

WINNING WORDS.

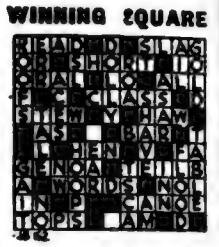
ACROSS.—1. READ. 4. SLAG. 6. SHORT. 8. CLASS. 10. STEW. 12. HAW. 14. HAR. 16. HEN. 20. WORDS. 21. CANOE. 22. TOPS. 23. HAM, JAM or YAM.
DOWN.—1. ROOTS. 2. KER. 3. DOLLY. 5. GOLD. 7. ACES. 9. SHAVE. 11. TALE. 13. YEAR or GEAR. 15. TABLE. 16. HOOPS. 17. FLOOD. 18. GAIT. 19. IRE.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 149.

The £100 Bonus offered in connection with Crossword No. 149 has been divided between twenty-three competitors and payments of £4 7s. 0d. have been despatched.

The £50 Bonus offered to early entrants in this same competition has been divided between five competitors and payments of £10 have been despatched.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points HAM, JAM or YAM and YEAR or GEAR were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

LIFE INCOME AND SEASIDE WEEK-END FREE!

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Fine Pension and Holiday offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Is in some cases cooked with vegetables
3. Horse race sometimes ends in one
5. Afternoon meal
7. Huntsmen are often faced by
11. Having to listen to sound of one all day long would irritate many people
12. It's annoying to be hit by this of rubber
16. Most people could manage at least one good one every day
19. Talks idly
21. The time will come when we will be glad to have this to put on
22. It may be serious when ribs get damaged in these

Turn to page 34 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'.

DOWN CLUES

1. It may suit film producer to create one for his big pictures
2. Opposite direction to west
4. You rarely expect to lose anything if documents are put in one
6. Most visitors to Ireland have seen an Irish one
8. It's hardly advisable for poor swimmer to go in for long race in one
9. It may cost you more if you want a coloured one
10. Some sensitive people might object to a cruel one
13. Putting up with it sometimes calls for the utmost patience
14. May make a fairly good bids
15. Cook often has to do this to complete a meal for guests
17. Much business is often done in one
18. Good comedian is sometimes a real one when he plays the fool
20. Fuss

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOTFREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

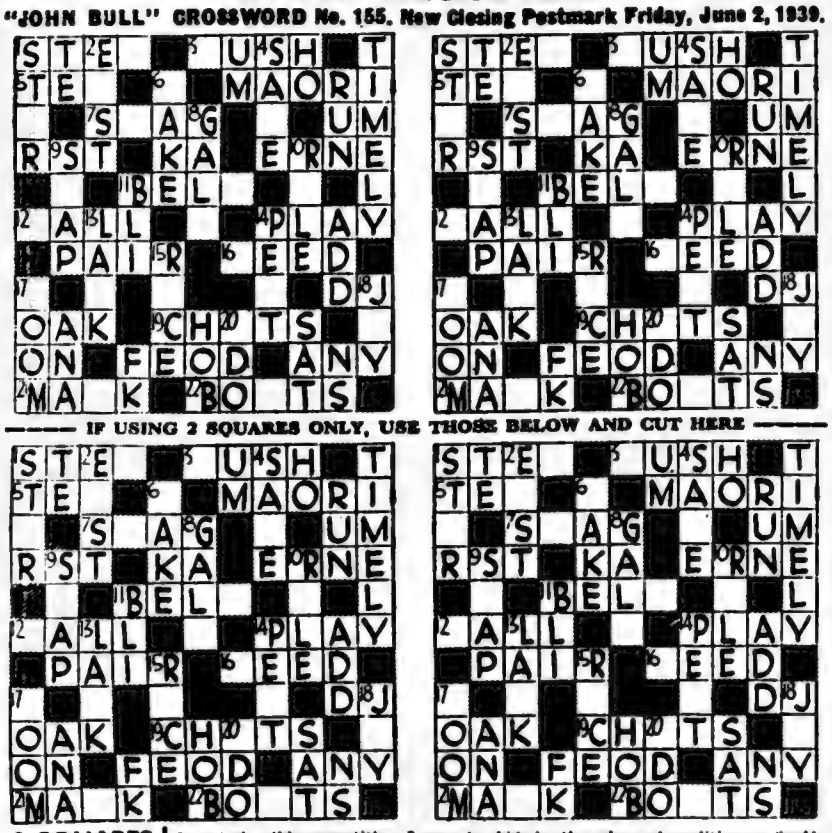
Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 155. New Closing Postmark Friday, June 2, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

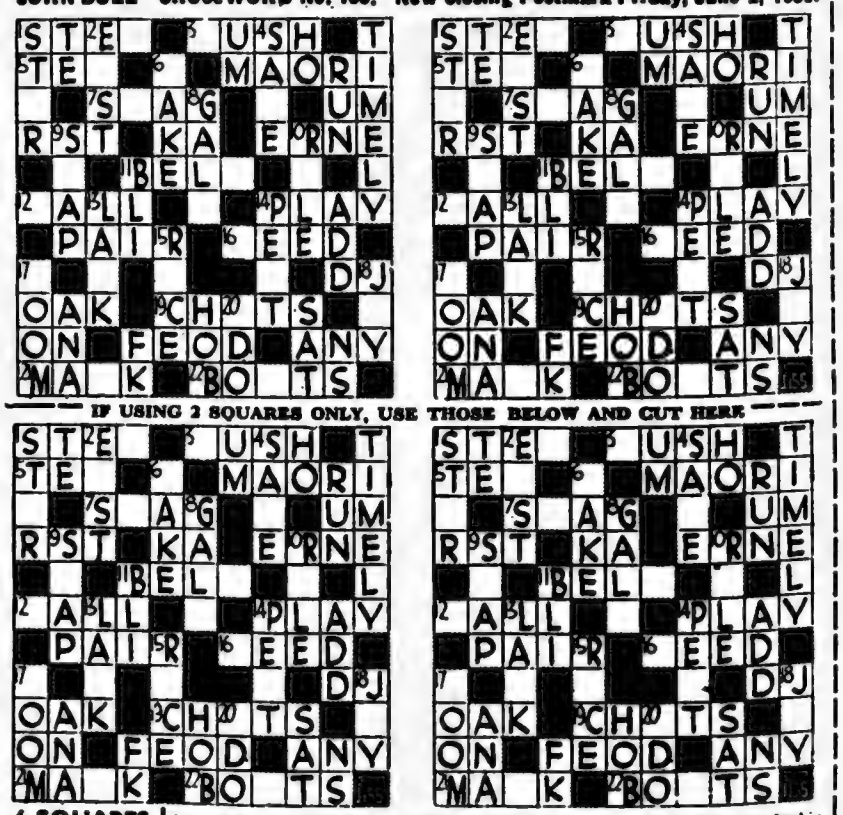
In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 155. New Closing Postmark Friday, June 2, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

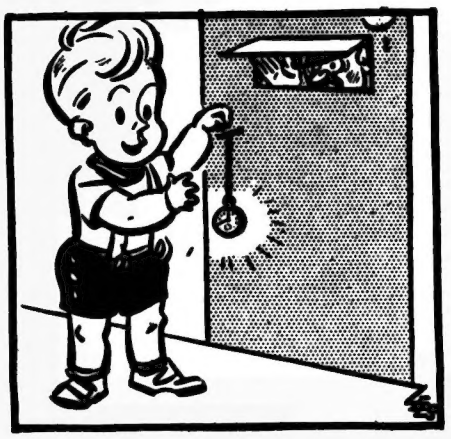
ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 155, "JOHN BULL," 97, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

MIGHTY HOLIDAY OFFER Coming Shortly!

The Editor Laughs Last

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Kid by LEES



MRS. T. (Hatfield).—"Now that my husband has got a job in the City I don't mind him putting on airs." See letter below.

MR. T. (Hatfield).—"I have just got a job as a gramophone record salesman." See letter above.

E. T. (London, S.W.3).—"A burglar who broke into my wine cellar got through the pantry window." And how many bottles?

J. K. (Cleckheaton).—"I rushed about for the whole of three days trying to get something for my husband." Did you have any offers?

L. F. (Luton).—"I am anxious to find out just how much it will cost to send my son to Oxford." Won't they tell you at the booking office?

R. L. (Frome).—"It is most annoying to find that the slugs are eating away the centres of all my early lettuces." You are losing heart, too?

P. T. (Hampstead).—"I have estimated that there are two million cats in London alone." They certainly don't sound alone.

T. C. (Fleet).—"I wouldn't eat some of the meals I have seen served in restaurants." Those who had ordered them would see to that.

C. D. (Iver).—"As a second-hand car owner, I find that two things suffer considerably from wear and tear." Your shoes?

★ T. L. (Hackbridge).—"When I told my girl I had only 2s. 6d. with which to go to the pictures, what do you think she recommended?" Another girl? ★

R. H. (Surbiton).—"I still feel depressed although the doctor tells me that an operation is not necessary." There's nothing to be cut up about.

S. D. (Holt).—"My little nephew offered me a halfpenny for my thoughts this morning." The youngster doesn't yet appreciate the value of money.

TIM (Hastings).—"We were all set to go for a swim. At the last minute my wife couldn't find her bathing costume, but eventually she came across it. Guess where it was." In her purse?

A. R. (Radstock).—"The photographer made a poor job of my likeness. I didn't look at all pleasant in the finished work." Well, you went to a photographer, not a plastic surgeon.

E. L. (Sudbury).—"I am trying my hand at growing green peas this year but I have an idea that I am growing them too close together." Well, ours always touch one another in the pod.

MARKET GARDENER (Sutton).—"What do lettuces run to, your way?" Seed.

MR. K. (Chingford).—"I am considered quite a clever amateur contortionist." See letter below.

MRS. K. (Chingford).—"I can twist my husband round my little finger." See letter above.

L. S. (Doncaster).—"If I like, I can go to business in a different car every day of the week." We have lots of friends too.

V. J. (Bradford).—"When I was caught in a storm the other day, I wrapped my morning paper round my shoulders." That's one way of getting in the news.

MR. L. (Dorking).—"I have moved seven times in the last three years." See letter below.

MRS. L. (Dorking).—"I feel sure that my husband takes his chess much too seriously." See letter above.

T. T. (Wrexham).—"A girl I know got £2,000 for a short story." Did she tell it to a jury?

A. M. V. (Goole).—"If a person wants to get thin, the best thing to do is to skip." Meals?

MRS. L. P. (Belper).—"I should be perfectly satisfied with the allowance my neighbour says he gives his wife." So would his wife, we imagine.

F. K. M. (Herne Bay).—"There is no doubt that gramophones are affected by the weather." We wish our neighbour would give his a change of air.

E. N. (Esher).—"Shall I put money by now or after we're married?" We doubt it.

S. D. (Kenton).—"The expression 'so long' is used by many people." Especially anglers.

G. C. (Leeds).—"How long do you think I have been working for my firm?" Ever since they threatened you with the sack.

W. P. (Bolton).—"The dictators are great believers in the beneficial effects of sunshine on their people." And of moonshine.

H. K. (Brighton).—"My little boy saw a rainbow for the first time recently and he couldn't get over it." Did he want to know what it advertised?

G. H. (Chard).—"I require £50 very badly and I haven't the faintest idea how to try to get it." Your friends must be thankful for that.

★ E. E. (Denham).—"My wife kisses me every time I come into the house. What do you think of that for affection?" That's not affection. It's proper name is investigation. ★

CLERK (Watford).—"The monotonous, persistent intonation of my alarm clock in the morning always gets me down." It ought to have the reverse effect.

T. F. (Hull).—"The assistant told me I could try on any dress in the window." But you were afraid the passers-by would become too interested in the performance?

PRIVATE (Aldershot).—"After rescuing the sergeant-major from the river I hurried away without making my identity known." Were you afraid your pals might get to hear about it?

MISS T. K. (Walthamstow).—"Our dog just can't stand postmen." Then don't turn to page 39 or you may have one calling with a cheque every Saturday for the rest of your life.

MRS. S. (Wolverton).—"My husband and I hold totally different views and we have been having quite a heated argument, but I think he'll come round in a day or two." Good heavens! Did you hit him as hard as that?

★ CECIL (Hereford).—"When I saw some of the other guests at the party I tried to beat a hasty retreat, but the drive was by then too crowded to permit my car to pass through." You couldn't back out of it, eh? ★

NATURALIST (Ilford).—"It has taken me years to become acquainted with all the insects found in this country." It took us only a few minutes last time we went for a picnic.

G. M. (Cambridge).—"You may not believe it, but I assure you that thousands of germs can live on the point of a needle." It seems an extraordinary diet to us.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Said the youth's conduct was 'perhaps due to reading too many cheap CINEMAS.'"

WEST WALES OBSERVER:—"It is useless sending the police round to the farms FATHERING information about stock . . ."

SUNDAY PICTORIAL:—"The young lady can go anywhere if her TILED sponsor provides the O.K."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—"Old Elizabethan RESIDENT, recently modernised and thoroughly redecorated."

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH:—"When UNCONSCIOUSNESS is regained water, tea or coffee may be given."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—". . . when the rancher's LIAR will be attacked from the rear with the gas bombs."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Liverpool television station should be located, say, halfway between Liverpool and Manchester, *not between Manchester and Liverpool.*"

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"Each platoon has three Bren light automatics, an ANTI-TALK rifle and a mortar."

ST. HELENS NEWS:—"A vote of TANKS to Mr. —— was proposed."

SUNDAY TIMES:—"Miss —— was in a white tulle dress, worn with heavy gold long EARNINGS."

PUT ON POUNDS AS I DID

In a month I had put on many lbs. Read the letter describing this wonderful experience:—"Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and scared . . . I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Iryona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

A typical IRYONA Figure of Beauty.

MEN If you are thin, with sunken chest, "spindle-like" limbs, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Iryona will give you a strong, healthy figure and increased stamina and physique. "IRYONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks, 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from IRYONA (Dept. BOW), 2, CRESSY STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

One of the worst features of Rheumatism is the constant maddening pain. Not content with making you writhe during the day, it often keeps you tossing and turning all night long, as the flinty acid crystals play havoc with your joints or tissues.

You need expect little rest until you rinse the cruel acid deposits right out of your system, as Mrs. Moses, of Hawick, did. "I suffered day and night for over a year," she writes. "I was nearly a cripple until I tried a tin of wonderful Fynnon Salt. I wouldn't miss it now for all the medicines I have ever taken. I can go about freely—I am delighted with the results."

Fynnon is Nature's greatest Rheumatic remedy. It is a blend of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, chief elements of the celebrated Spa Waters. These "Salts of the Earth" dissolve even the most deep-set crystals and rinse them out by activating your liver and kidneys. They revitalise the entire system, and so put you on the road to sparkling health.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning (no need to make tea specially) and say good-bye to Rheumatic pain. Large tins, 1/3, from all Chemists.

A NEW PROCESS MAKES THE NEW STEAD BLADE

KEENER—LAST LONGER STILL 7 FOR 6D *in the* WEEKLY WALLET

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(from actual photo)

To get relief from indigestion you must take the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIE tablets can make burning excess stomach acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach *full-strength*. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With *excess acid* made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, carried loose in pocket or handbag—no fussing with glasses of water. One delighted user says, "I call them 'Rennies' from heaven." Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, 6d. Four times as much 1/6.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

NO WATER NEEDED

Continuing **"Murder in Strange Places"**

Marshall Hall's Losing Fight

two reasons—the amazing Oriental imperturbability of the prisoner, and the fierce, brave efforts of his counsel to win through with a defence of insanity.

During the whole time in court, Lock Ah Tam never spoke, scarcely ever moved. His wooden expression was unchanging; not a trace of feeling was apparent.

His unfathomable eyes were rigidly fixed on one point just above the judge's head.

It was almost as though he were trying to hypnotise himself.

His face was a yellow mask, hiding everything. The business of the court went on; witnesses were called; speeches made, but it all seemed to mean nothing to the man whose life was in the balance.

His demeanour was so uncanny that it got on one's nerves. You found yourself longing for him to make some movement, some sign of life.

"Please, please move," we all wanted to shout. "Show that you are a human being. Show us you know what is happening to you."

I had no doubt Lock Ah Tam had made up his mind that he was to die under the penalty of the English law. And he wanted to die. He was uninterested. The trial to him was just a waste of hours, keeping him from the end.

Lock Ling Tam, his beloved son, went into the witness box to describe the events of the murder night.

Even then the father in the dock gave no outward sign of recognition.

HIS stare was fixed on that point above the judge's head. He was a statue, as still as the cross-legged god he had worshipped.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall was not in good health at the trial. His hard pew seat irked him and he repeatedly fidgeted with an air cushion in order to be comfortable.

But his indisposition did not affect the intensity of his pleading.

Of course, it had to be admitted that Lock Ah Tam killed his wife and daughters. There was no argument on that point. The only issue was his state of mind.

Witness after witness stated that he was a devoted husband and a loving parent. The family always lived on the best of terms; there could not have been a happier home. Lock Ah Tam, moreover, was normally peaceful and quiet.

Yet on that night of family rejoicing, on the very day when the son came of age, something occurred to change him into a fiend.

No motive existed—so far as the prosecution could suggest—for the murders.

The events of the night were inexplicable except on the assumption of sudden madness.

WITHOUT apparent reason he killed those whom he loved best. He must have been insane.

On those lines Sir Edward fought. He called evidence to show that some years before the prisoner had been struck on the head and seriously injured.

Further evidence proved that Lock Ah Tam had grown moody and morose because of his money worries.

An interesting theory was put forward by a mental expert called for the defence—a theory of "unconscious or epileptic automatism," the seizure being caused by long-dormant effects of the head injury "set alight" by drinking alcohol at the dinner.

To this theory the Crown had a telling answer. Lock Ah Tam could not have been in a state of "unconscious automatism" because he obviously knew exactly what he was doing.

Why, immediately after the shooting, did he telephone the police and say what he had done? Plainly, he was able—when he fired the shots—to differentiate between right and wrong. Clearly his mind was not unbalanced.

Medical evidence was also called to rebut the automatic killing theory. The doctors differed, but the weight of opinion was on the side of the prosecution.

NEXT WEEK:

Stanley Bishop writes another thrilling article in this series

Sir Edward Marshall Hall made one of his finest speeches as the trial drew to its close. His eloquence was in flood-tide.

"Could any sane man have done it?" he asked. "*Would* any sane man have done it? Are you not constrained to look for some explanation which is a negative of sanity? You are.

"You cannot believe that this sudden revolution in a man's mind, which converted him from a loving father into a murderer, was not the result of his reason being dethroned."

Chinese in court, friends of Lock Ah Tam, were weeping and praying during that speech.

Turning towards them, Sir Edward said: "They would gladly welcome the verdict; they would join in grateful thanks if you could say that, although he was guilty of the act, he was insane at the time he did it.

"Lock Ah Tam has composed his mind with Oriental fatalism. He knows that he must walk from the dock to prison.

"But the nature of his punishment is of some moment to those who know him and are fond of him."

And on that note Sir Edward ended.

The jury took less than a quarter of an hour in considering their verdict. It was "Guilty." Sir Edward had failed before the overwhelming circumstances of the crime.

He was disappointed, and said so in a letter.

IN his view, it was a wrong verdict, the insanity plea should have been accepted. He described the final scene in court in these words:

"Amid the sobbing of the women and the tear-broken voice of the judge, the inscrutable Chinese stood, still steady and apparently unconcerned—a mysterious smile hovering around his lips. Mr. Wu over again."

"If I am hanged, get my body and bury me by my wife and daughters"—Lock Ah Tam made that request, because burial by the side of those he loved meant a great deal in his religion. On it depended a reunion in Paradise.

This, of course, could not be done. Lock Ah Tam lies alone. His grave is marked by a number on a prison wall.

But as I recall his pathetic story I think of that mysterious little Chinese temple in the Birkenhead street. Surely murder was never done in a stranger place.

I remember Lock Ah Tam's devotion to the ivory shrine, and I like to think his soul winged back from the prison grave to that little sanctuary.

There, perhaps, he earned the forgiveness of his ancestors and afterwards peace with those he loved so well.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,169

FIRST PRIZE, 20s. Weekly for Life and Week-end for Two—or lump sum of £250

R. BENNETT, 35, Grove Avenue, Moseley, Birmingham.

Example: EVERY MAN
Bullet: CARRYING PACK, PACTS MISCARRYING.

SECOND PRIZE, £25 and Week-end Celebration for Two:

B. GILES, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.

Example: Mussolini's Chin
Bullet: Doesn't Fit "Second Fiddle."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10 and Week-end Celebration for Two:

J RODGERS, 42, Queen's Drive, Barnsley, Yorks.

Example: Every Man
Bullet: Landlord—World Less "Jerry-built."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: A. F. VINCENT, 14, Duncrievie Road, London, S.E.
Thanks To Mr. Middleton—I've Cured *Insomnia's* "Blight."

£8: V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
Sure To Tell—Hitler's Demands Upon—*Himself.*

£7: E. WESTWOOD, Speculation, Yealmpton, Devon.
When Twilight Looms—Be Safety's "Lover," Motorist!

£6: J. C. WALLIS, 23, Councillor Lane, Cheadle, Ches.
Mussolini's Conscience—"Lulled" By Deafening Cheers.

£5: J. DUFFY, 2, Yew Tree Cottages, East Studdal, near Dover.
On The Warpath—Dad—Heard Tipperary *Crooned!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£4: L. THOMAS (caretaker), "Cherney Court," Shirland Road, Maida Vale, W.
Challenge To The World—Britannia's Answer, "*Tunics On!*"

£3: B. SMITH, 181, Killearn Street, Possilpark, Glasgow.
Never Pays—War—Why Keep "Making"?
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. BINNS, 1, Chain Street, Westgate, Bradford.
On The Warpath—Unless On Warmonger's "Track."

F. G. HARRIS, "Vilette," Union Road, Sheffield.
Mussolini's Hairdresser—Must Envy Goering's Tailor!

J. JAMES, 803, Uttoxeter Road, Meir, Longton, Staffs.
Father's Fielding, So—Crouches—Stretches—Stretcher—Crutches!

J. LANCASTER, 30, Mill Street, Whitehaven.
Mussolini's Married—So Hasn't Hitler's Boldness!

V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
Tide Of Hope—"Cuts Many Off." *Receding.*

Mrs. M. MILES, 72, Bassein Park Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
Showing His Teeth—Brush—Face, Sponge—Sonny!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

L. SMITH, 121, Glen View Road, Burnley.
Challenge To The World—Reveller Issued—Wife Accepted!

E. W. STREETON, North Muskham, near Newark, Notts.
Thanks To Mr. Middleton—Gardener Receives Many "Tips."

R. SUTCLIFFE, 23a, Clifton Street, Sowerby Bridge
Sure To Work—Not Sure Of Work.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

T. R. WHITE, High Street, Wheatley, Oxon.
Never Gloomy—Or "Lit," Perfect Husband.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of 2-in-1 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

FREE! 2/6 HOLIDAY GIFT BOOK

Pages of Entertainment Galore

ONE WEEK ONLY!

BE quick and this entertaining 2s. 6d. Holiday Surprise Gift can be yours within a few days!

All you do is this. Enclose your Presentation Voucher below with 4 paid 6d. entries for "Bullets" No. 1,173.

You PAY NOTHING for your Surprise Gift—even the postage is paid for by "John Bull" So in addition to any prize you win, you are guaranteed this Seasonable Presentation immediately.

(Offer not available to Free State entrants, owing to Customs restrictions).

DON'T BE TOO LATE!

2/6 PRESENTATION VOUCHER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF JOHN BULL

I enclose entry of four paid 6d. Coupons for "Bullets" No. 1,173 together with entry-fee, P.O. value 2s. No _____
Send Gift Book as below

MUST BE POSTED BY SAT., JUNE 3

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

USE CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS _____

CUT ROUND DOTTED LINE

LIFE INCOME, Seaside Cash and HOLIDAY TRIPS!

FINE 2nd 1st PRIZE

£20/- WEEKLY for LIFE and SEASIDE WEEK-END for TWO

Comprising Fares, Week-end accommodation and Entertainments for Two, at winner's favourite seaside resort.

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £250

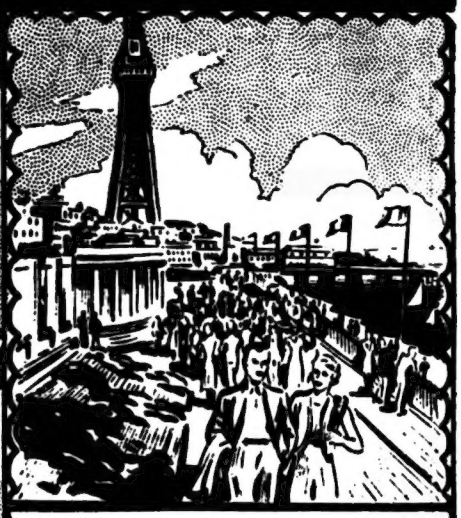
"BULLETS" JOY WIRE—FRIDAY, JUNE 16

2nd PRIZE

£25 CASH and SEASIDE WEEK-END for TWO

3rd PRIZE

£10 CASH AND SEASIDE WEEK-END FOR TWO



HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, OPPORTUNITY'S BELL, you might jot down *Influence Shouldn't Ring*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, OPPORTUNITY'S BELL—"PULLING STRINGS" SHOULDN'T RING.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,169th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* promptly, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, June 3.

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

KING AND PRESIDENT
BRITAIN'S ARMY
HEARD IN NEW YORK
PATH TO PARADISE
UPHILL TASK
HE'S A GERMAN, SO
ON THE HORIZON
MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY
NOT MUCH
MADE HENPECK LAUGH
OFF THEY WENT AND
AUNTIE v. LANDLADY
OUT OF HIS DEPTH
WHAT SHE WORE
TIME TO PLAY
OPPORTUNITY'S BELL
TURNED THE CORNER
MY GODDESS
OFF TO THE SEASIDE
BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice Col. 1:

WHEN MOTHER .....
HOLIDAY .....
TO ..... BRITAIN
ON THE .....
MAKES ME .....
..... OF HAPPINESS

MORE HOLIDAY CASH

£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4
£3	10 of £2·10	

25 OF 10/-

200 SURPRISE AWARDS

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES

BLACKPOOL FOR YOUR WEEK-END?

Lancashire's seaside paradise, or any other holiday resort, may be your week-end choice—"John Bull" pays the bill!

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JUNE 3

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,173 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,168 will be displayed in the window of J. Spreson, Newsagent and Stationer, 48, Nantwich Road, Crewe.

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,173) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 3.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,173) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 3.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,173) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 3.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
(1,173) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 3.

Signed .....
Address .....

☛ Page 34 Will Interest You!

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,173 and Crossword No. 155, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, June 3.

UNLIMITED FREE GIFTS

Remember your FREE 2s. 6d. GIFT VOUCHER on opposite page—by enclosing it with four paid 6d. "Bullets" coupons this week, you are GUARANTEED a 2s. 6d. HOLIDAY GIFT POST FREE—DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

☛ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 1,173, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FOR THE BLOOD, VEINS ARTERIES AND HEART

Acts Like Magic!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto."

"My Piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day"

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

For all "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15.D), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

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